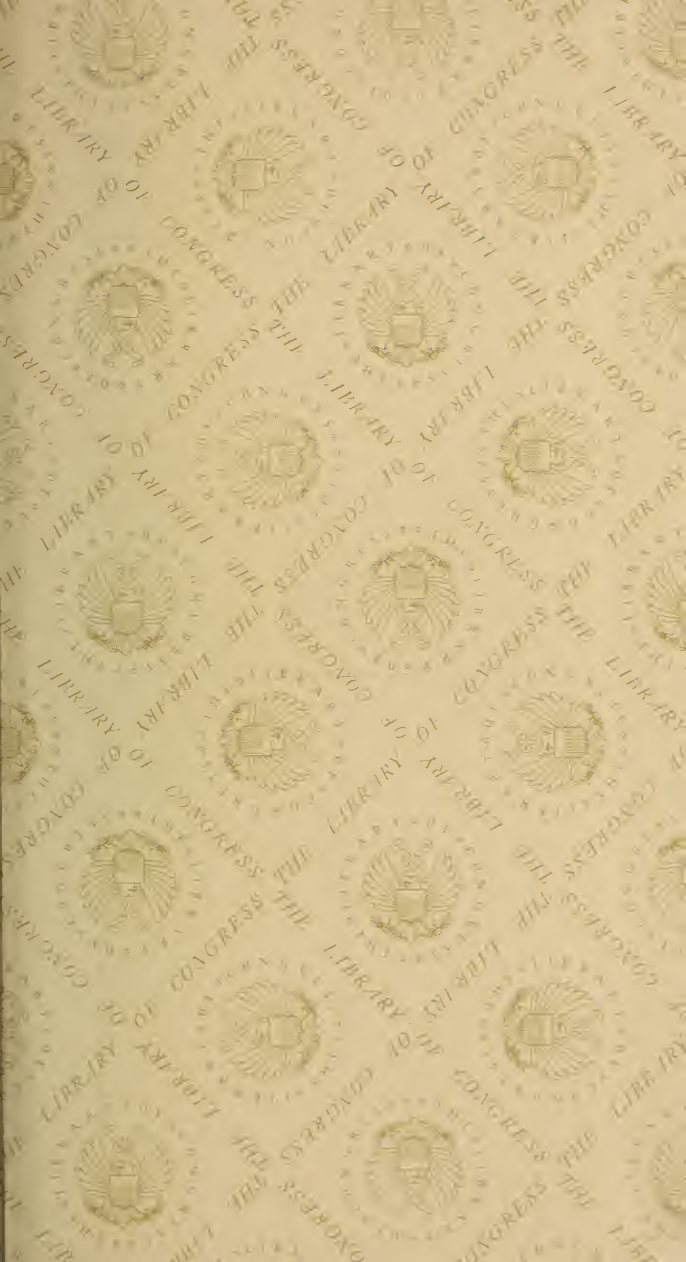


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SACRED SPECIMENS.

SACRED SPECIMENS,

SELECTED FROM THE

Early English Poets,

WITH

PREFATORY VERSES,

BY THE

REV. JOHN MITFORD.



London:

BALDWIN, CRADOCK, AND JOY; T. CADELL;
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TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

JOHN FREEMAN MITFORD,

BARON REDESDALE

THIS LITTLE VOLUME

IS INSCRIBED BY THE EDITOR

IN

GRATITUDE & RESPECT.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Editor of this small Poetical Miscellany hopes, that among the numerous volumes of Sacred Poetry, the one now presented to the Public, will not be deemed unworthy of attention. That it might have been more complete and correct, he is fully aware; yet some indulgence may be extended to the execution of the work, when it is considered how scarce and difficult of access are many of the productions, and even the entire Works of some of the early English Poets.

No stronger instance could be given of the rarity of this branch of English literature than the fact, that it would be hopeless to endeavour to collect sufficient materials for a more perfect History of English Poetry, without the assistance of Mr. Heber's library: indeed it might be said that the chief dependance of a writer on this subject, except for what still remains in manuscript, must be founded on that single and matchless collection.

The number of Poets from whose works extracts are here given, is inferior by about a third part to that which the catalogue of Mr. Ellis presents, but it must be recollected that the present Editor was confined entirely to the selection of Poems connected with sacred subjects and religious feeling, while the former ranged uncontrolled over the whole field of English Poetry. At the same time, the names of some Poets will be found in this volume, that are omitted by Mr. Ellis, and from whose writings no previous specimens have been presented the public.

Of the Verses that accompany the extracts, the Editor can only say, that the materials which he collected, having been extended as far as was consistent with the proposed plan of the work, his own Poem has not occupied a space that would have been otherwise filled: nor, he trusts, will it be found in its subject, inconsistent with the general design and scope of the volume.

BENHALL, *May 1, 1826.*

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ERRATA.

PREFATORY VERSES.

- Page xxx, line 22, for *wreck*, read *wrecks*.
 xxxv, line 11, for *Syrian*, read *Sirian*.
 xlv, line 2, for *mountain's*, read *mountains*.
 xlix, line 1, for *thy*, read *that*.
 liii, line 21, for *Hiererchs*, read *Hierarchs*.

SACRED SPECIMENS.

- 6, line 11, for *add*, read *and*.
 19, for *Edward*, read *Edmund*.
 21, line 19, for *ravish'st*, read *ravish'd*.
 37, for 1677, read 1667.
 43, line 1, for *alon*, read *along*.
 44, line 12, dele *with*.
 55, line 7 should end with a *comma*.
 67, line 9, for *sentenc*, read *sentence*.
 72, line 13, for *thro'* read *tho'*.
 84, line 4, for *bearde*, read *bearded*.
 168, line 4, for *Hee'le*, read *He'll*.
 170, line 15, for *gloorie*, read *glorie*.
 173, line 5, for *filth*, read *filthy*.

QUÆQUE. PALÆSTINUS. LOQUITUR. MYSTERIA. VATES.

MILTONUS AD PATREM. v. 85.

P R O E M.

Ἐἵπατε τῷ βασιλεῖ, χαμαὶ πέσσε δαιδαλὸς αὐλὰ,
οὐκέτι φοῖβος ἔχει καλυβάν, οὐ μαντιδὰ δαφνὴν,
οὐ παγὰν λαλεουσάν, ἀπὲσβετο καὶ λαλὸν ἑυδῶρ.

Oracula Vetera. ed. Opsopœi. 1607. p. 49.

LEAVE the Æolian Lyre awhile,
And the Song from Chios isle ;
In soft Ionian numbers drest,
The Harp the matchless fingers prest,
Of that old man eloquent,
Whose Song made Scio's rocks relent,
And o'er the smooth enamour'd seas,
Hush'd the vext Symplegades.

Arcadian Ladon now no more,
Nor starry-crown'd Cyllene hoar,
Nor Alpheus thee detain
Rushing to the enamour'd main.

That Thessalian landscape leave,
 Where lingers oft the purple eve
 Mid Tempe's cliffs, and woods unshorn,
 Till startling wakes the early morn,
 What time Olympus' forehead gleams,
 To bathe her in Peneus' streams.

That sweet city mourn no more
 Native to the Ægean shore,
 Where pale Cephissus' fountain weeps
 Beneath Colonos' woody steeps,
 Where sings the love-lorn nightingale,
 Close hid within her leafy veil.
 Musæus Hill the song repeats,
 It climbs Callirhoe's mossy seats,
 How full its liquid music swells
 Adown Anchesmus' flowery dells ;
 The slopes that blue with violets shine,
 The grottos hung with ivy-twine
 All listen, till the moon-light lay,
 By far Ilissus dies away.

Leave Lyceum's piny steeps,
 And grotts where Pan at noon-day sleeps,
 O'er Hymettus' flowery side
 Let the bee in murmurs glide,
 What time the silent evening waits,
 To hear unbarr'd heaven's silver gates,

Or when the chariot of the sun,
 Up high Olympus hath begun,
 To pass the golden-paved way ;
 Whose fiery coursers breathing day
 From their flaming nostrils, beat
 Heaven's floor, with far-resounding feet.
 Let Cephissus, as of old
 Flow through vales in story told,
 Leave the painted Stoa vext
 With argument of truth perplexed,
 Where Ilissus rolls his stream ;
 Or the olive Academe
 Held Plato : while the Attic bird,
 Mute, or else of song unheard
 Listen'd to the wondrous tone,
 That the gods came down to own.

Thee the breath of vernal air
 Fresh blowing off some mountain fair,
 As that where Boreas erst betray'd
 To rape, the fair Athenian maid ;
 Or when the hues of evening streak
 The rocks of Sunium's marble peak ;
 No more may charm ; they shine no more
 The crystal springs so lov'd before.
 The flowery wreath, the Samian wine
 No more in golden flaggons shine ;

And they who Hymen's garlands wear
 In their dark, and violet hair,
 And the maid by graces led
 Blushing to the nuptial bed;—
 Rather wake a loftier song
 Of them in glory perish'd long,
 Who o'er Egina's gloomy surge
 Their brazen prows in triumph urge ;
 Till th' Attic towers again be free,
 And the twice baffled Persian flee ;
 Recall the armed shades again
 Who walk the Marathonian plain,
 Or where the sculptur'd lion frowns,
 That the Locrian cliff embrowns ;
 And Phocis' shaggy rocks in gloom,
 Guard the Spartan's silent tomb.

How duly when the dove-ey'd Spring
 Came her olive-branch to bring,
 And the morn her early head
 Lifting from off her dewy bed,
 With silver Phosphor in her train
 Lit up the laughing world again ;
 Were thy enamour'd footsteps seen,
 Reclining by the olive green
 Of Porch, or Academe, or where
 Softly blew the vernal air,

While the pure Socratic page
 In moral truth, and doctrine sage,
 Held thee in bright Elysian dreams,
 By haunted cliffs, and sacred streams ;
 Or if before thy raptur'd eyes,
 Fair scenes of patriot virtue rise ;
 Deep awful thoughts, and such as prest,
 On Brutus' great, and godlike breast,
 Or as some sacred flame enshrin'd,
 Illumin'd Cato's dreadless mind.

Now the Delphic fountain nigh
 It's hallow'd drops of poesy ;
 O'er thy brow with warmth divine
 Sprinkles from it's purest shrine.
 Above the lov'd Sigæan plain,
 Glances thy raptur'd eye again.
 What time the fierce Argolic powers,
 Smote the Ericthonian towers,
 Or where the Euboic billows roar,
 And the wild Hercean shore,
 All their trophied monument
 And Phrygian spoils to pieces rent :
 And see ! in sudden splendour start,
 What of old Ephesian art ;
 What the Doric chissel gave
 Gleaming o'er Colonna's wave !

Live they yet?—has cruel time
 Spared the soft Ionian clime?
 Alas! a voice, that heard no more,
 Has pass'd o'er Paxus' woody shore;
 The broken shaft, the mould'ring stone
 The ruin'd tomb remain alone,
 Where Pierian roses flung,
 And the wreaths of summer hung;
 The deep inspired Pythoness
 Mute leaves her inmost cell's recess;
 Heard ye Dodona's forests groan?
 Dark Cirrha's caves return the moan;
 The god's descending steps no more,
 Resound on Delphi's marble floor,
 The haunted roof, the sacred shrine
 Return no more a sound divine,
 And o'er the pale Piræus' bay,
 A voice is heard—"away, away."

Then let the Ionian Harp no more
 Resound on Chios' lonely shore,
 No more Sicilian strains prolong,
 Nor wake again the Lesbian song:
 Far on to other realms thy sight
 Turn in the golden eastern light;
 Where from the snow-fed Æthiop hills,
 Her tawny bosom Meroe fills

And dark and huge o'er Triton's wave
 The demon-gods have built their grave.
 Saw you mid those secret springs,
 Where the old Abassin kings
 In pleasant Amara, their home,
 And mountain-girdled centre, roam?
 Where lord of Lybia's yellow sands,
 Great Hammon's horned temple stands;
 Heard you in granite caverns bound
 Old Memnon's harp of morning sound?
 Mark the characters unknown
 Graven on the desert stone,
 That the fathers of the earth
 Spake at old creation's birth,
 And on the eternal pyramid
 Deep in pictur'd symbol hid;
 By Prometheus good, and wise,
 First read amid the starry skies,
 Or as Egyptian tales declare
 By fabled Hermes sculptur'd there.
 E'er the sage Chaldean Eld
 His antique rolls of wisdom held,
 Or antientest, the Cufic line
 Mark'd the smooth rock with letter'd sign.
 Close beneath his sacred veil,
 Time hath kept the faithful tale;
 Nor the Memphian oracle
 In dark shroud profound shall tell;

Till buried deep in days of yore
 Nile the worship'd ark restore,
 And from out his secret fane
 Old Osiris wake again.

Onward now thy willing feet,
 Press towards Sion's hallow'd seat;
 Crossing the Erythrèan main,
 Whose ruddy waves were cleft in twain;
 When fell along the cumber'd coast
 That tawny king, and all his host;
 And on Egypt's evil day,
 Like "scattered sedge" her warriors lay.
 Stay'd was the sistrum's beat; the hum
 Of ocean hush'd the wizard drum.
 Then the scaled dragon drank
 The briny waters e'er he sank,
 Wide weltering in the tossing bay,
 The huge fishy monster lay;
 Till dark, and loud the closing wave,
 Rush'd booming o'er his evening grave.

Glared the pale sun o'er Israel's foes,
 And red the star of Zohiel rose;
 Alas! who urged that fated night,
 The van of Mizraim's scatter'd might:
 Who down old ocean's stormy bed,
 His snorting courser onward led,

And ever as he hurried by,
 Met the sea-monster's glaring eye ;
 For him along that beauteous shore,
 It's coral banks shall glow no more ;
 It's painted shells no more inlay
 Like sea-flowers strewn, the sunny bay ;
 Nor o'er the purple waves be seen,
 The marble peaks of emerald green.

Now fades the clear crystalline sky ;
 With golden cressets hung on high,
 And one by one along heaven's breast
 The stars are dropping in the west :
 Or through the wide Hesperian gate,
 Walking each in regal state ;
 And the slope moon her wasted horn,
 Stoops before the coming morn.
 Let the bright and golden ray,
 Light the long sands of Etham's bay ;
 Where far the accordant voices swell
 —' In exitu de Ægypto Israel : '—
 Pass onward where the palm-tree waves
 It's umbrage broad o'er Elim's caves ;
 And lo ! where aged Sinai shrouds
 His marble head amid the clouds.
 Upon his crest, a mountain-grave,
 No trees their darkning tresses wave,

But solitary, scath'd, sublime,
 He stands amid the wreck of time.
 Mountain of death ! thou seest the Lord
 E'en now unsheathe th' avenging sword ;
 Beneath his foot of adamant,
 Thy rocks are cleft, thy rivers pant.
 Restless as a fiery wheel
 Earth's brood accurs'd before him reel ;
 Beneath his lightning's arrowy sheaf,
 Sear'd they lie like autumn's leaf ;
 As when the thunder-clashing shower
 Smote to the earth the Assyrian tower.
 That like a heaven-aspiring star,
 Lit the red sands of old Shinaar.
 Dim portent and prodigy
 Glared along the angry sky.
 What fear the Midian curtains strook !
 How pale the tents of Cushan shook !
 The amazed sun o'er Gilboa's meads ;
 Rein'd in his fiery-footed steeds ;
 And amid night's highest noon,
 Stay'd her pale car the wondering moon

Low the crown'd Amorite is laid,
 And Og who Bashan's sceptre sway'd :
 And they who with full ensigns spread,
 Through Edom's fields their battle led

The warrior-dukes—with those that wield
 On Hermon's hills the sun-like shield.
 And that fierce, king "so proud and haut,"
 Who 'gainst the God of Israel fought ;
 Brazen-girt and huge of limb,
 Sank the giant Anakim ;
 And his blood-strewn den beside,
 Deep-gor'd, the fangless lion died.
 Mountain-guarded Amalek
 Bowed to earth his yokeless neck ;
 And that incestuous race that slake
 Their lip in salt Asphaltis' lake.
 Or when the shaggy Ishmaelite,
 With Moab's wilder clans unite,
 Where Arnon's mountain-torrents ran,
 Their forward hope no trophy wan.

—

Mark where beneath yon mountain's brow,
 The dark, discolour'd waters flow,
 Deep in that lake's empoison'd womb,
 The guilty cities found their tomb.
 There erst the kindling furnace glow'd
 There red the fiery deluge flow'd.
 Pointing it's cataracts of flame,
 The wrath-wing'd bolt of lightning came :
 Then the fierce flash, and sulphurous shower,
 Blaz'd o'er each death-devoted tower :

O'er molten rock, and marble shrine,
 Toss'd high, and wild, the burning brine.
 Oh! race unblest, and unforgiven!
 Ye sleep beneath the curse of heaven!
 That slow, oblivious surge along,
 No shepherd chaunts his evening song.
 No bird its glittering plumage laves,
 No pinnacle cleaves the trembling waves;
 No morning breeze, no insect's wing
 Sweeps o'er the enamell'd bowers of spring;
 But to the midnight winds alone,
 The sullen surge repeats its moan;
 The desert's dry, and cavern'd womb,
 The splinter'd rock, the yawning tomb,
 The bare, the thunder-blasted tree,
 Proclaim the avenging Deity.

E'en now from out the lake of death,
 At times is heard the stifled breath;
 Yon frowning rock's o'ershadowing cone,
 A darker, deeper gloom has thrown;
 Quick-flashing o'er the sulphurous stream,
 Phosphoric lights are seen to gleam;
 Beneath it's ponderous load, 'tis said,
 Then heaves the foul bitumen-bed.
 In other valleys far away,
 The Bedouin archer seeks his prey;

His trembling hymn of praise and prayer,
 The Greek caloyer raises there ;
 The Armenian patriarch bows his head,
 Their hands the Coptic pilgrims spread ;
 Far heard mid Abyssinian springs,
 The mitred priest his cymbal rings.
 His silken caftan spread, e'en now,
 The Sanziack turns his turban'd brow ;
 Still points the affrighted Arab where
 Yon salt and spumy pools declare
 The dread, the deathly sepulchre. }
 Still gleam the watery shadows pale,
 Where rise the wrecks of Siddim's vale ;
 And still in dark'ning surface show
 Where ruin'd Sodom sleeps below.

Pass the hermit's hallow'd cells,
 Where retir'd devotion dwells,
 Where the entranced anchorite,
 Pale watches through the silent night.
 Let thy wandering feet be found,
 By far Bethsara's frontier bound ;
 Or where the Tyrian helmsman hove
 His bark in Saida's winding cove.
 Queen of the bright, and ocean throne !
 Far thy merchant-kings were known.
 From Ophir's mines of golden ore,
 To the Lusitanian shore.

Thine each lust'rous gem that sleeps,
 In the vast unsounded deeps,
 Where mid subterranean springs,
 Lie the old Atlantian kings,
 Each in his ocean-cavern bright
 Of the glowing marchasite ;
 And the leafless groves for thee,
 Blushed beneath the coral sea.
 How bright thy gilded galleys rode !
 How rich thy purple streamers glow'd !
 Like stars, beneath the cedar-prow,
 The trembling sapphire shook below ;
 As on it mov'd in beauty bright,
 Showering flakes of silvery light ;
 While o'er the emerald waters borne,
 Sounded the sweet, and ivory horn.

As the eagle's pinion fleet,
 O'er Sirion's rocks with silver feet,
 Tossing high the streaming train,
 Of his rich, and golden mane,
 Mark the snowy unicorn
 Bound in beauty to the morn ;
 In Hermon's cave the leopard sleeps,
 And Carmel hath her purple steeps ;
 The wild rose gleams on Sharon's meads,
 In Senir's cliffs the turtle breeds ;

Rich Heshbon's brow with fruitage glows,
 And Sibmah's golden vintage flows.
 The lone, grey tower of Lebanon,
 Looks frowning from his mountain-throne ;
 Jordan's fountains at it's feet,
 In their tinkling channel meet,
 And like lost trees of Eden's glade,
 The cedar spreads his giant shade.

Ah me ! what pensive visions stirr'd
 Her gentle voice, that erst was heard,
 These lone, deserted vales along ;
 When Scotia's wild, and northern song,
 Rose amid the moon-light air,
 —“ Bothwell bank, thou bloomest fair.”—
 A bird from Teviot's bowers had stray'd,
 From Teviot's hills a mountain maid.
 Alas ! what thoughts and visions strong
 Were linked to that romantic song ;
 And dreams that came by night, by day,
 Of the lov'd land, so far away.
 An infant child—a cherub fair
 Her soft and pensive bosom bare.
 'Twas strange, amid these deserts wild
 To see that fair, and gentle child,
 And strange it seem'd, on Syria's plain,
 To catch the minstrel's border strain.

Her dark eye bent, the Arab maid
 Listen'd the lingering voice, and stay'd.
 For sweetly still its wild notes spake
 Of sun-lit hill, and streaming lake.
 " 'Mid these green vales, and waters fair,
 " My babe I would that thou wert there,
 " For joy thy mother's bosom fills
 " To think of Cheviot's distant hills,
 " And joy thy little heart would swell
 " To pluck wild Ettricke's purple bell.
 " To see our birchen shaws unfold
 " Their tender leaves and buds of gold.
 " And dancing up the flowery brae
 " To catch the hawthorn-scented May,
 " To see sweet Teviot's waters gleam,
 " To trace wild Yarrow's mountain stream,
 " 'Mid gentler scenes, beloved Clyde,
 " To view thy silver footsteps glide;
 " Ah! mid green vales and waters there,
 —" Bothwell bank, thou bloomest fair."—

Mark where within her marble womb,
 Dark Petra guards the nameless tomb;
 In many a mountain-chamber deep,
 Inurn'd, the stately ashes sleep,
 Of th' antique kings, whose sceptred sway,
 E'en Pella's distant walls obey.

Or later seen, 'mid springs and streams,
Where far-retired, Gherasa gleams
Amid her Syrian solitude—

Oh! never mid those caverns rude,
Nor by that wild enchanted ground,
May thy unguarded feet be found,
What time, on sounding pinions heard,
Descends the huge, and demon-bird,
(Thus in Moslem legends told,)
Deep brooding o'er his buried gold.

Oh! aged Time! how far, and long,
Travell'd have thy pinions strong,
Since the masters of the world,
Here their eagle-wings unfurl'd.
Onward as the legions pass'd,
Was heard the Roman trumpet's blast;
And see the mountain portals old,
Now their opening gates unfold.
Slow moves the Consul's car between
Bright glittering helms and axes keen;
O'er moonlit rocks, and ramparts bare,
High the Prætorian banners glare.
Afar is heard the torrent's moan,
The winds through rifted caverns groan,
The vulture's huge primæval nest,
Wild toss'd the pine it's shatter'd crest;

Darker the black'ning forest frown'd :
 Strange murmurs shook the trembling ground.
 In the old warrior's midnight dream,
 Gigantic shadows seem'd to gleam ;
 The Caudine forks, and Cannæ's field
 Again their threat'ning cohorts yield.
 Seated on the thunderer's throne,
 He saw the shapes of gods unknown ;
 Saw in Olympus' golden Hall
 The vollied lightning harmless fall ;
 The great, and Capitolian lord,
 Dim sink, 'mid nameless forms abhorr'd.
 Shook the Tarpeian cliff ;—around
 The trembling Augur felt the sound ;
 Saw God of Light ! in deathly shade,
 Thy rich, resplendent tresses fade,
 And from the empty car of day,
 The etherial coursers bound away.

Then frequent rose the signal shrill,
 Oft heard on Alba's echoing hill,
 Or down the Apulian mountains borne,
 The mingled swell of trump and horn ;
 The stern centurion frown'd to hear
 Unearthly voices murmuring near,
 Back to his still, and Sabine home
 Fond thoughts, and favourite visions roam ;

Sweet Vesta ! o'er the woods again,
 He views thy small, and silent fane.
 He sees the whitening torrents leap
 And flash round Tibur's mountain-steep.
 Sees Persian ensigns wide unroll'd,
 Barbaric kings in chains of gold.
 O'er the long Appian's crowded street,
 Sees trophied arms, and eagles meet,
 Through the tall arch their triumph pour ;—
 Till rose the trumpet's louder roar,
 From a thousand voices nigh,
 Burst on his ear the banner-cry,
 And o'er the concave rocks, the sound
 ' AVRELIVS,' smote with stern rebound.

Such the prophetic sounds of fear,
 That woke, 'tis said, his midnight ear,
 Within Grenada's gates of gold,
 Sleeping in the Alhambra old,
 E'er the great Miramolin
 Beleaguer'd lay in Santaren ;
 Beneath the warlike Portingal,
 He saw his Moorish turbants fall,
 And the Mauritanian blood,
 Stain Mondego's crystal flood,
 While yet its silver current stray'd
 Unsoil'd of the Affric blade ;

Nor the unbaptized horde
 Had felt the keen Castilian sword,
 That back to Ishmael's impious nest,
 For ever drave the brood unblest.

O'er the distant verge espy
 Babel's towers lifted high,
 Or where guards in barbaric sheen,
 Her jewell'd throne, th' Assyrian Queen ;
 Along the cedar-roofs their light,
 Flung the Chaldean cressets bright,
 E'er her fated fall reveal'd
 In characters of fire, was seal'd.
 E'er 'mid earth's convulsive throes,
 Hell's majestic monarchs rose,
 From their sable thrones below,
 The shadowy messengers of woe ;
 And through the spectral gloom profound,
 Sceptred phantoms glared around.
 Seen by the Sabian worshipper,
 There rose Astarte's glitt'ring star.
 And still on Eyrac's sands remain,
 The marble wreck of Shinaar's plain.
 Shrouded within their shrines of gold,
 Frown'd the blood-fed gods of old,
 And lo ! where rising many a rood,
 The grim idol-image stood,

And far its evening shadow threw
O'er Dura's plain, in twilight hue.

There the Chaldean Seer afar
Scans each brightly beaming star,
That the crown of heaven doth grace
With cloudy Saturn's leaden mace.
Watching as on axle bright
Slowly wheels the silent night,
Till from the fields of far Cathay
Riseth the golden eastern day.
He each mystic sign could tell
Sigil deep, and powerful spell ;
Oft by the later Archimage
Invok'd in Ruthnic symbol sage ;—
And they who from the Orient came
To the star that dimm'd their Mithra's flame :
When throwing wide the ruby gate
Their Sun-god rose in regal state,
Far 'mid Persian rocks enshrin'd.—
Onward be thy steps inclin'd
Where young forsaken Ishmaël
Sate by Bered's holy well.
Ah ! who shall shield the fatherless ;
The orphan in his lone distress ;
Shall Gerar's regal gates enclose,
No more the helpless child of woes ;

Will God a mother's hope destroy,
 Nor save her young Arabian boy.
 Alas! one longing look in vain,
 They bend to Hebron's northward plain;
 Then lone, and dark before them lie
 The desarts of eternity.

Yet not within that desert-grave,
 Sank with her child the Syrian slave;
 Her the angel from the height
 Of Seir's cliffs, in vision bright,
 Pointed what of fate sublime
 Lay in the treasur'd womb of time;
 Through the thirsty sands he showed
 Where now fresh brook, and current flowed,
 Where the dark tents of Kedar shine
 Marking the long unnumber'd line,
 And the Nabatæan bow
 Close ambush'd smote the unguarded foe.
 From Sur, to golden Havilah,
 Far his fruitful seed shall sway;
 Who their fiery coursers wheel
 And flying, dart the lance of steel,
 Or the patient camel guide
 To far Medina's southern side,
 Who dwell round Schamer's summits hoar
 And the wild tribes of Omon's shore;—

Countless suns have roll'd ; yet now
 In the uncontrolled brow,
 In the quick lightning of the eye,
 The fiery glance that flashes by,
 In each swart lip, and visage keen,
 Is the blood of Hagar seen.

Where Ephrath's nearer plain appears,
 Grey mould'ring in the frown of years,
 A lone tomb casts its lengthening shade,
 There sleeps the young and Syrian maid :
 Scarce won, in years twice seven-times told,
 So hard, by him the Patriarch old.—
 Pass by the time-worn sepulchre
 Where Rachael lies ; and think of her
 Who o'er her child of sorrow sigh'd,
 Her last, her loveliest, saw and died.
 Duly there its social nest
 Long has the bird of summer drest,
 And round the old ancestral tomb
 The Oskar wav'd its weeping plume.

Alas ! beneath yon pine-tree green
 By me another tomb is seen.
 Fled are the Syrian vales ; no more
 I view the wild Sidonian shore.
 Far other glades, and mountains seem,
 Before my pensive eyes to gleam.

There——lies! e'en now again
 Slow moves the dark and funeral train;
 An aged mother bending there,
 Sire—sister,—all the heart's despair
 Is gather'd round that hour that gave
 The dust that shrouds their darling's grave.
 For her, with gentlest hand was spread
 The bridal bower, the genial bed,
 With richest flowers of nature's store
 Was strewn the glad, and nuptial floor.
 Uplift the torch! what footsteps stirr'd
 The leaves! a heavier groan is heard!
 Apart by yonder yew-tree's side
 A muffled form is seen to glide.
 Alas! that cloak but ill conceals,
 All that the bursting bosom feels,
 Ill can that bonnet's shadowy plume
 Hide the pale cheek, and forehead's gloom;—
 The dirge is sung, the trentals read,
 She sleeps beneath her earthy bed.
 And all are gone! e'en HE no more
 Is seen along that silent shore,
 And many an evening sun hath shone
 With slow, faint beams the grave upon.
 Time's finger from the ivied tower,
 Hath pointed many a midnight hour;
 Now the green moss, and wild flower creeps
 Above the stone where——sleeps:

And I, e'en I alone remain
To pour the tributary strain.

Bright ON ! within thy fanes of gold
Is he, by Sechem's waters sold.
Who by his brethren erst betray'd
Wedded the young Egyptian maid
Fair Asenath ; and held the helm
Of the rich, and Pharian realm.
Where the seven-throated Nile
Embraces Egypt's flowery isle
Obedient to the Syrian star:—
Of Sihor's fruitful vales afar,
And where Goshen's land is seen,
Sprinkled with flocks, and pastures green,
Whose bord'ring tribes, their roving home,
The wild Arabian desert roam.
There the grey Sheikh, and Emir old
Still their divided sceptres hold.
Above their Prophet's silent grave
Still their moony standards wave.
O'er the lone desert's trackless side,
Lead the rich Mahmal's curtain'd pride ;
Or mourn, in mutual hate oppos'd,
The Caaba gate for ever clos'd.

Mark where beneath his cedar shade
The Thesbian prophet sate, or stray'd,

E'er to Sidonian Zarephath,
 Lay his heaven-directed path ;
 There roam'd the shepherd-kings that shield
 Their gentle charge by fold, or field ;
 And when his weary journey done
 Calls home his beams the westering sun,
 And the drooping lids of day,
 Close in the meek, and dewy ray ;
 What time the echoing hills repeat
 The peaceful camel's evening bleat ;
 And shrouded the thick leaves among,
 The locust trills it's farewell song :
 Then oft to many a patriarch's tent
 Came the angels visitant,
 In the cool, and evening air,
 By shady palm, and fountain fair,
 In friendly converse, or with high
 Ambàssage freighted from the sky ;
 Nor seldom on some great behest,
 Was seen e'er noon, the seraph-guest
 With his starry garland bright,
 Stooping from the clouds of light ;
 Beauteous, as the forms that gleam
 In a golden-winged dream.
 And when still midnight never stirr'd,
 Oft cherubic songs were heard,
 Like music from the echoing steep,
 Of neighbouring hill, and thicket deep.

Sleep silver torrents in your caves !
 Ye fountains hush your murmuring waves !
 Sweet winds your gentlest pinions spread !
 Ye cedars bow the slumbering head.
 And thou, whose great and crystal eye
 Watcheth still the spangled sky,
 When on her majestic throne
 The bright moon doth reign alone,
 Or in bashful, maiden pride
 Half her silver face doth hide.
 Ocean ! in thy caverns deep
 Hush the thrice charmed waves to sleep.
 Nor thou, lov'd Philomel, thy strain
 Wake to the listening woods again.
 While music sweeter than the spheres,
 Mute entranced silence hears ;
 And from the courts of heaven around,
 Angelic harps and voices sound ;
 Or some permitted spirit bright
 Sole sings, a radiant child of light,
 Till as awakes the golden day,
 The diapason sinks away.

Primæval hours of happiness !
 The aged Patriarch's home to bless.
 Beneath his spreading sycomore
 Sate the grey sire with tresses hoar ;

Late watching when the wattled fold
 His home-returning flock may hold ;
 While softly breathed the evening gale
 O'er honied rock, and milky vale ;
 Or by the lily-paved side,
 Where some whispering waters glide,
 Musing deep what thoughts could give
 Of things abstruse, to those who live
 Far from the bright celestial plains ;
 Oft harped in deep prophetic strains ;
 (E'er sin with foul eclipse between
 The golden eye of heaven was seen,)
 That not the Orphéan lyre could reach,
 Nor wise Protëan numbers teach ;
 Nor what fetch'd from the Delphic spring,
 Though Apollo's self might sing.

Slow mov'd his sun's declining ray,
 And soft life's evening sank away.
 Meek peace, and simple truth were there,
 And calm content that knows no care ;
 And wisdom patient to endure,
 And sanctitude severe and pure.
 Gentlest spirits from above :
 From the bosom breath'd of love,
 With hand divine that scattered round
 Of the fairest flowers he found,

When the gales of Paradise
 Wafted their bloom to mortal eyes,
 Never since that primal hour,
 Seen below in hall, or bower;—
 Ye gentle handmaids of the day,
 Sweet Hours! that round his chariot play,
 Oh ye! whose earliest tears arose
 To see the gates of Eden close;
 Say, when will earth behold again
 The pure delights of Mamre's plain;
 Ah! when your spotless pleasures yield
 Ye patriarch kings of Haran's field:

Not such the apostate band defil'd
 Grey wanderers of the desert wild;
 What time the Arabian wilderness
 Heard their Syrian songs distress;
 Though died unfed the altar's flame,
 Unblest though rose the sacred name;
 Though stern rebellion spurn'd the rod,
 Though Baal mock'd the living God;
 Yet still the uplifted arm was slow,
 Still mercy stay'd the impending blow.
 Safe in deep vale, or mountain-head,
 Like some fair flock their tents were spread;
 Or when green cape, and headland grey,
 In the golden evening lay,

Then it's close and verdant woof,
 Rear'd the palm-encircl'd roof,
 With many a broad, and leafy skreen,
 Of pine, and myrtle rais'd between ;
 Above the heaven-protected field,
 The winged warriors spread their shield ;
 Twice along their surgeless sands,
 The shouting rivers clapt their hands ;
 Twice their wave-crown'd rampires stood,
 Till the chosen pass'd the flood :
 Its gleam the midnight Pharos threw
 O'er Paran's rocks in crimson hue ;
 And still the column-cloud by day,
 Waved o'er the sands its banners grey ;
 And faithful still ; their guard, their guide,
 It spread its sheltering curtains wide,
 Till high the purple hills are seen,
 That shadow Zerkah's banks of green :
 Till the blest seed of Terah's son
 Have their rich fields of promise won ;
 And Egypt's fetter'd bondsmen stand,
 The ransom'd tribes of Jordan's strand.

No more on flowery islet green,
 At Eve, the Ibis' wing is seen.
 Nor 'mid the tall Papyrus leaves,
 Where his scaled head the Cayman heaves ;

Rich with the Lotus blossom, now
 No mystic chaplet binds their brow ;
 Far seen on Caphthors' level shore,
 The groves of Memphis gleam no more ;
 With many an airy minaret
 In the crimson radiance set ;
 Nor where the Idol-serpents hold
 Their burnisht fanes of beaten gold ;
 Whether by the' Æthiop's greedy hands,
 Wash'd from the pure and virgin sands ;
 Or if with swelling ingots fraught,
 And massive wedge, rich carracks brought
 From coffers of the' old Indian kings ;
 Deep digg'd 'mid eastern rocks and springs ;—
 Yet though for them no longer shines
 The cup of Meroe's sparkling wines,
 With that sweet food the bee has left
 In the Cedar's sunny cleft ;
 Nor Migdol's massive towers contain
 The hoarded wealth of Sennaar's plain :
 No palm its purple fruitage shed,
 No harvest rear its bearded head ;
 No more sweet birds of brightest plume,
 Glance through the garden-isles of bloom.
 Yet the grey sand, the granite rock
 For them their sunless streams unlock :
 Obedient to the Prophet's call,
 How rich the dews of morning fall ;

Ambrosiack food ! and when the eye
 Of heaven opes, the coming cry
 Is heard, the fann'd air moves, the ear
 Starts to the pinions rustling near ;
 Then thick, and dark as midnight's shroud,
 Hangs o'er the camp the living cloud.

No more from vales of heaven are seen
 Angel-forms in lustre sheen,
 Leaving their bright supernal seat,
 With man in converse high to meet ;
 Dire change, and alter'd fate e'er long
 Must weep the alienated song :
 On Carmel's steep, by Jordan's lake,
 In vain the guardian Prophets spake.
 Heaven's arm outstretch'd o'er wave and plain
 In wrath, in love, reveal'd in vain.

“ Thou City of the golden Sun !
 “ Say what mighty deeds were done.
 “ From concaves of the rocky vales,
 “ Fresh fans of heaven, ye winged gales ;
 “ And ye Etesian winds that blow ;
 “ Why on Cynthia's hills of snow,
 “ Rich Egypt's flowery lap to fill,
 “ Rested your glittering pinions still !
 “ Stars in your wandering courses bright,
 “ Why veil your brows in three-fold night ;
 “ What hand the horned locust drave,
 “ Darkening the pure Pelusian wave ;

" For whom your rich, and raven hair,
 " Do ye, ye Soän virgins tear.
 " What voice the trembling ocean calls,
 " Apart to cleave his crystal walls ?
 " What arm the floodless fords has spread,
 " And 'mid the Egyptian waters red
 " Trampled on the dragon's head. }
 " Why stoops the strength of Edom ? why
 " Does mountain-dwelling Moab cry ?
 " Maugre his massive spear and shield ;
 " Why trembling fly the tented field ?
 " Who round his wolfish caverns strew'd
 " The wreck of Anak's giant brood ?
 " Who smote, when spiteful Dagon fell
 " Before the ark of Israel ;
 " On Pisgah's steep, what Prophet hoar
 " Survey'd the strength of Canaan's shore,
 " Whom long the Hebrew virgins wail
 " Their buried pride in Moab's vale.
 " And who his chosen flock to feed
 " On Jordan's flowery verge decreed."

Oh ! faithful ye ! in vain, in vain,
 Ye pour the deep, denouncing strain.
 The heaven of brass, the earth of steel,
 Confirm in vain your dread appeal,
 Lost Israel's dark idolatries
 Upon Samaria's altars rise.

Prescient of the mournful tale,
 Uplift the deep prophetic veil
 Her future crimes, her woes relate
 And mark the coming shades of fate.
 Thron'd in Damascus' silver walls
 The false one there his votaries calls
 Their midnight orgies to repeat
 Beneath Astræa's starry seat.
 Stern Tophet drowns the dying breath,
 And dark is Hinnom's vale of death.
 Your fanes obscene what glories fill
 Ye bleating gods of Bethell's hill.
 Veil'd in many a murky shroud
 Their mitred heads the Magi bow'd.
 To the accursed Teraphim
 'Nesroc,' the virgin voices hymn ;
 The towers of Omri's idol-tomb,
 Frown o'er old Shemir's woods of gloom ;
 And high on Mispah's mountain shines,
 The star of Moloch's clouded shrines.

But see ! the avenger wakes ! like flame
 Dark Ashur's steel-clad satraps came,
 As wheel'd the Assyrian chivalry
 The sounding cornets answer'd nigh.
 Star of Orion ! pour thy ray
 To light deep Ramath's mountain way ;
 Grim as the wolf, whose evening yell
 Scares from her cliffs the wild gazelle,

They come. The trumpet's brazen blair
 Speaks Calah's cohorts prancing there.
 Their rocks the mountain-quarries lent,
 Their shafts the Syrian quivers sent;
 It's burnish'd steel Damascus gave,
 Their purple robes the Tyrian wave.
 By Bosrah's frowning towers they pass,
 And climb high Heshbon's walls of brass,
 Where once a thousand helmets hung,
 A thousand shields their splendour flung.
 Red Moab's iron hills no more
 Guard the deep glens of huge El-ghoor;
 Nor mountains lifting to the morn,
 The strength of many a granite horn,
 Or where from Ansalt's peaks of snow
 The headlong torrent fumes below.

Then sank the brave by Sichem's dell;
 Then Judah's lion banner fell.
 With broken call the trumpet's breath
 Blew faint and far the dirge of death.
 How lone the cry in Hazor's vale!
 How Janoah's widows weep and wail!
 How is the robe of sorrow rent,
 The hoary hair with ashes sprent;
 Kneel maids of Israel! kneel in vain
 To loose your captives bleeding chain;

By the cold Caspian's sunless shore
He climbs high Bactria's mountain's hoar;
Or seeks, an exile pale, his grave
Where Scythian Oxus rolls his wave.

Lost tribes of Israel's captive train!
In what far land, what Median plain,
Hold ye your exiled hours alone,
Poor slaves of Timur's iron throne.
Or mid the wild Iberian dales,
Load ye with sighs the passing gales?
How dark the lengthen'd frown of years,
It's deep majestic sorrow wears:
As laden with the weight of crime
Stayed had the wasted wheel of time.
Beneath the heathen sword profane,
Long your imprison'd tribes have lain.
To false, to alien gods betray'd,
Have long their penal forfeit paid.

Clos'd are the Caspian gates!—no more
Rise the lov'd hills of Salem's shore.
No more the winds of ocean sweep
For thee, round Carmel's shaded steep.
Yet still some lingering hopes beguile,
Some cherished visions seem to smile.
Some relics of the land divine
In lov'd possession still are thine.

The staff that smote the reflux wave,
 The rod that bloom'd o'er Aaron's grave.
 And the small ark that still contains
 The dew that whiten'd Elim's plains.

How glowing fancy mirrors near
 Each pictur'd form to memory dear ;
 The glittering waves of Chobar's stream
 To thee like silver Jordan gleam :
 Like Siloa's fount, some mountain rill
 Bathes thy small Sion's mimic hill ;
 Close hid, mid pathless crags aloof
 Thy temple rears its little roof ;
 The wild Caucasian cliffs around
 Sweet lutes, and silver voices sound :
 The raven tress, the snowy veil
 Mark hapless Sion's daughter pale.
 Ah ! when, a home-returning band,
 When shall ye tread Tabaria's strand ?
 When catch on Hermon's hill the gale,
 When drink the dews of Hebron's vale.
 Ah ! when your ancient seats regain
 To join the hosts of Sion's plain.
 But the dread hand of destiny
 E'en now unfolds it's purpose high.
 For you a prophet's hand shall cleave
 Strong as of old, th' Assyrian wave,

As when the mighty man of God
 O'er the red billows wav'd his rod ;
 Through Tadmor's marble wastes shall fling
 The coolness of the crystal spring.
 Then home, in hallow'd heart return ;
 In meek, repentant sorrow mourn :
 On David's throne, in light divine
 Behold the star of Israel shine,
 And see thy own Messiah reign
 The sainted babe of Bethlehem's plain.

A fountain flows by Ennahkhore,
 Chafing along it's pebbly shore,
 Unmark'd the spot, it's name unknown,
 Yet once along that bed of stone,
 A thousand warriors lay, the pride
 Of Gath, and Gaza's frontier side.
 There the sinewy Nazarite
 His pale Philistian foes did smite,
 When his unshorn locks he shook
 Their mightiest host with terror strook ;
 As some dark, avenging star
 Frowning from his throne afar.
 Nor ceas'd, till through the summer-day
 Like wither'd leaves their warriors lay ;
 Unwearied then, beneath the shade,
 Of Etan's rocks, his strength he laid.

Oh ! hold thy hand ! ah ! false as fair
 Who clipt thy long enchanted hair ;
 By the razor's edge unshorn,
 And streaming like the golden morn :
 E'er long, shall Caphtor's feastful day,
 With blood, the traitorous theft repay !
 For thee shall Ekron's virgins steep
 Their songs in tears ; and Azzah weep,
 E'en distant Askelon shall mourn
 The Danite stranger's dark sojourn.

Pass where of old the giant kings
 Fought by Megiddo's water springs,
 And the lords of Issachàr
 Came marching to the mountain war.
 There the quiver'd Ephraamite
 O'er Tabor led his conquering might,
 Showering thick their shafts of flame,
 Ophrah's sinewy bowmen came.
 Wearing each his regal crown ;
 Rode the kings of Machir down ;
 Whose aged sceptre's awful sway,
 Far the eastern hills obey.
 Ah ! why did Gilead then abide
 Far off, by Jordan's peaceful side.
 Why strong, did seaward Ashur lay
 The Cothons of her shelter'd bay.

Alas! what strength could Reuben hold
 To dwell the while by field, or fold.
 What from the war could him detain
 Where shepherds roam the tented plain :
 And crown'd with autumn's tawny leaf,
 The sunny reaper binds the sheaf.
 Where the herd's lordly monarch wades
 Through Bashan's rich, and pastur'd glades,
 Or stoops his shaggy brows to lave
 In the fords of Arnon's mountain wave.
 And where is He whose trumpet shrill
 Shook the deep caves of Tabor's hill.
 To hail whose home-returning car
 E'en now Harosheth looks afar,
 Chain'd at his wheels, a weeping band,
 Judæa's dark-hair'd daughters stand.
 From many a tower, and battlement
 Far seen, unnumber'd eyes are bent.

" Watchman, on yon turrets high!
 " Saw you, down the tented sky
 " O'er lengthening files in dark array
 " His home-returning banners play?
 " Mark'd you to the sunny beam
 " Burnish'd targe, and helmet gleam,
 " And the snaffled steeds afar
 " Bearing the rich, refulgent car,

“ Or mid the dancing plumes of light,
 “ Saw you the cymbals clashing bright? ”

Ashtaroth, and Bāalim!

Save him, ye blood-stain'd idols grim!

Alas! long through the lattic'd grate,

For him shall Syria's maidens wait,

Nor deem that in far vales away,

At Jaël's feet their warrior lay.

So that Bethulian warrioress

In later Sion's deep distress;

Fearless to the Assyrian tent

In her bridal beauty went,

And back to Dothan's mountain shore,

Unharm'd, her bleeding trophies bore.

Then their prancing hoofs in vain

Dinted Taanach's thirsty plain;

Low sinks to earth the bounding steed

That fed by Tigris' flowery mead;

And fleetier than the falcon's wing,

Scarce shook Orontes' crystal spring.

Beneath old Kishon's trampling waves,

Dark Hazor's archers found their graves.

Lift Barak, lift thy song, and cry

‘ The Lord hath triumph'd gloriously!’

For thee, the strength of heaven, the stars

Fought within their ancient spheres.

Heading her hosts, in jewell'd sheen,
 Came the dark, and Æthiop queen,
 On th' eagle-winged winds, that sweep
 Around night's starry mountain steep.
 And in the bright aerial hall
 Who their fiery synod call ;
 Askance with angry horns they strook ;—
 His glittering sword Orion shook.
 Along the steeps of heaven afar
 Arcturus drove his sultry car,
 Far from his polar hills of snow ;
 And he who drew the Œmonian bow.
 With scorching tresses on they came,
 Waving their ruddy beards of flame.
 Sweet Pleiades ! oh ye that bring
 From out his bowers the youthful spring,
 When far along the evening dell
 Breathes the rich mandrake's dewy smell,
 With fir-blooms, and the gales that rove
 Around the scented cedar-grove.
 On your silver thrones on high
 Bent ye down your radiant eye ;
 And beauteous in his summer shine
 Golden Mazaroth was thine.

Thus old Gideon's matchless might
 Slew the vanquish'd Madianite,

Wielding the herdsman's conquering goad,
O'er thinn'd Philistia Shamgar strode.

Ye travellers, safe by palmy wells !

Ye shepherds in the moonlight dells !

Thou furr'd and gowned Sanhedrim !

Ye grey-hair'd elders raise the hymn !

Oh ! fair, and wise, and eloquent,

Oh ! Israel's maiden ornament.

Prescient thou, in counsel sage

Of future time's recording page.

Oh ! strength of Ephraim ! just, and wise !

Holy prophetess arise,

Take down the Hebrew harp again

And breathe the loud, triumphant strain.

“ Great God of battle, hear our prayer ! ”

“ To Sion's stately courts repair,

“ From thy thunderous throne on high

“ In thy far blazing majesty :

“ Circling whose seat on either hand,

“ The great Cherubic cohorts stand.

“ Heaven's hiererchs old, in burning row,

“ Who the celestial trumpets blow,

“ Aye watching there the bosom bright,

“ And that awful eye of light ;

“ Or soaring round with golden wing

“ In rang'd quaternion, ever sing ;

“ From thy sapphire throne above

“ Jehovah, bend an eye of love.

" Thou, who within their ancient caves,
 " Bade sleep the world-devouring waves,
 " And that sternless boat didst guide
 " Hull'd on the eastern mountain's side,
 " Who o'er the Idumèan coasts
 " Safe led the Patriarch's mighty hosts ;
 " Thou from whose outstretch'd arm have fled,
 " Mighty warriors famed ;
 " Of whom, honor'd time doth tell
 " In his stately Chronicle.
 " God of Sabbaoth ! list our lays.
 " Elohim ! hear the hymn of praise.
 Wake, Debora, thy song on high,
 ' The Lord hath triumph'd gloriously.'
 E'en now by Eksalls banks of green
 A warrior's tombless bones are seen.
 The hollow helm, the dented shield
 Still strew the solitary field.
 In that low grave the tortoise sleeps,
 The adder climbs the mouldering heaps,
 And bleached by sun, by dew, by rain,
 They whiten Xaloth's blasted plain.

But hark ! on midnight's listening ear,
 Unearthly voices murmur near,
 Heard like the shrivell'd Parcæ's breath ;
 Or the tainted blast of death

O'er the pale and Stygian meads,
 Blown from the dark Tænarian steeds,
 That in fiery Phlegethon
 Plunge, their weary journey done.
 And fleshless forms in shadowy gloom,
 Rise from dark Endor's cavern'd womb,
 Where, in regal sovereignty
 Intomb'd, earth's ancient monarchs lie.
 The glittering crown their temples shade,
 Their gaunt arms grasp the steely blade
 As rising to the embattled field ;
 Or their golden sceptres wield.
 And see the beckoning shadows pale
 Slowly their awful forms unvail.
 They move ! they rise ! what powerful breath
 Invades the majesty of death ?
 Why shrieks the enchantress pale, as last,
 Stern in dark shroud the Prophet past.
 Oh ! lost, discrown'd, dishonour'd Saul !
 Those moveless lips have doom'd thy fall.
 Alas ! for Ephraim's strength o'erthrown !
 Alas ! for Israel's kingless throne !
 " A monarch's blood is flowing there
 (Frown'd, as he spake, the Prophet-seer,)
 " Smote by the fell Ascalonite
 " I mark his banner's broken flight."
 And see on yonder mountain's crest,
 A wounded warrior sinks to rest.

His heart's best blood the shaft has dyed,
 His few, his faithful sleep beside.
 How chang'd from him, whom Helah's plain
 Saw victor of his thousands slain.
 When glory like a maiden bride,
 Walk'd by the youthful warrior's side,
 And blew her silver trump, and round
 Her feet, the fetter'd monarchs bound.
 Beside the little mountain brook,
 The flocks their dewy fleeces shook ;
 E'er sank the sun, a deeper hue
 Had stain'd with death its waters blue ;
 And Bethshan's walls the trophies bear
 Of Israel's monarch bleeding there.

Deep in yon Terebinthine vale
 Was heard the evening trumpet's wail.
 On Astekah's long ridge appears,
 The bristling file of Dagon's spears.
 Up, for the feast of war is spread !
 Up to the field of battle red !
 Alas ! the vulture's talon yet
 With Israel's richest blood is wet.
 The sounding orichalch no more
 Shall wake them on that silent shore.
 Shades of the brave on Thirza's strand !
 What champion guards your helpless land !

Who faithful still to Sion's lord
 Unsheaths the consecrated sword.
 What chiefs in Hebron's halls remain,
 The shatter'd wreck of Gilboa's plain.
 Or do heaven's holy warriors still
 Sit arm'd on Sion's guarded hill?
 Lov'd of the Lord ! they wait for thee,
 Thou sweetest flower of Jesse's tree.
 Dear, sacred Child ! ne'er may my song
 Thy pure, confiding courage wrong :
 Thy youthful hand, thy constant heart,
 Well shall play a warrior's part.
 Thee from among the yeaning ewes,
 And flocks, the God of battle chose.
 Go then against the helm of gold !
 Go, in thy conscious virtue bold !
 Go ! and God's blessing on the field
 Of carnage, be thy only shield.
 Oh ! faultless, fearless found, be thine
 The promise of the wreath divine.
 Thy shepherd's staff a sceptre be
 Thou faithful child, in endless fee !
 Nor adamant, nor armour there,
 Did the beardless warrior wear ;
 That tender arm could never wield
 The strength of Saul's immortal shield.
 Nor brazen bow, nor steely helm
 Guarded Israel's doubtful realm,

But the youthful shepherd's crook,
 And the smooth stone from Elah's brook, }
 Their mightiest host with terror strook.
 Then the pale Philistian knight
 His unflesh'd valour turn'd to flight;
 And bending low his helmed head,
 The frowning Gathite warrior fled.

On his cloud-dividing wing
 Let the lordly eagle spring,
 In the fields of glory prey,
 And drink the golden fount of day.
 But beneath his subject skies,
 For him no richer banquet lies,
 His thunder-grasping talons ne'er
 Shall a nobler conquest share,
 Than the victor's hand has lain
 A giant wreck, on Succoth's plain.
 Come now with virgin symphony,
 Come in thy spoils of victory!
 The prophet's hope, the anointed One,
 Long look'd for Jesse's beauteous Son!
 Oh! come in youthful beauty fair,
 The chosen seed, the promised heir.
 Dread, sacred Child! thy name, thy praise
 Shall flourish still through endless days.
 A shepherd boy on Israel's throne,
 Restore her ancient might o'erthrown,

And bind around thy brows divine
The crown of Judah's sceptred line.

And see in vision clear foretold
Who thy destin'd realm shall hold,
Who thy lofty lineage own ;—
' The Master of the ivory throne.'
Great Lord of earth's exhaustless store,
From Ind to Affric's golden shore.
And his to sway with spell divine
Each power that holds his starry shrine.
E'en now in spousals pure and chaste,
He his Memphian bride embrac'd ;
Nor second he who rear'd again
In love, in zeal, the ruin'd fane,
Smote the dark sorcerer on the stone
Beside his idol-god o'erthrown ;
And quench'd the cauldron's fires obscene
That glared o'er Ephraim's hills of green.
And who his Sion to defend
Saw the Cherubic host descend,
O'er Salem's towers the radiant flight
Swift on their starry plumes alight,
High the celestial standard wield,
O'er Judah spread the sun-bright shield ;
Nor him forget, who in the fight
Met single, Moab's idol-might.

Though Seir join'd his conquering spear,
 Though Ammon's banners floated there;
 Dauntless yet the warrior stood,
 Nor fail'd that heart of courage good,
 Till self-slaughter'd in the dell
 Of Berachah, the foemen fell,
 And in Jehovah's fane ador'd
 He sheathed in peace the sated sword.

Those Hebrew songs to thee be dear,
 That pleased so well the victor's ear,
 And those harps in Babylon
 That pensive told of pleasures gone,
 What time that Judah's captive maids
 Wept for their Sion's distant shades,
 And ever when the moon-light pale
 Look'd down on Perah's willowy vale,
 Far from pleasant Palestine,
 Where broad Euphrates' waters shine,
 They saw in every twilight dream,
 The viny grot, the haunted stream.
 Fresh springs that gush'd through Syrian dales,
 The tents that darken'd Elah's vales.
 Emmaus' meads,—the fires that glow
 Fair Bethell, o'er thy hallow'd brow;
 Saw, moving round the ark divine,
 The white-rob'd Levites guard the shrine,

Nor the sacred hierophant
 Did his mystic Ephod want,
 Nor the breast-plate's broider'd swell
 The wreathen robe, the golden bell :
 Nor the purple fillet round
 His holy brows in order bound.
 Heard o'er their temple's Cedarn roof
 The loud Hosannah peal aloof,
 Above its massive floors of gold
 Saw bright Cherubic wings unfold :
 As when amid the boreal air
 Aurora shakes her fiery hair ;
 And the Shechinah display
 Enspher'd on earth, it's promis'd ray.

The mailed warrior in his tower,
 The bridegroom in his lov'd one's bower ;
 The eagle on the mountains free,
 Are types, oh ! Sun divine, of thee.
 But never, o'er a subject world,
 Since thy shafts of light were hurl'd.
 Since thy regal brow hath worn,
 The star-bright diadem of morn :
 Or from thy western couch of gold ;
 Could thy refulgent eye behold
 Glories such as those that rest
 On Moriah's consecrated crest :

The wonders of those beams divine,
That rise on Israel's chosen shrine ;
And gleam in soften'd splendor, o'er
The Arkite seat remov'd no more.

Those fair fields of Bethany,
Rich in their purple beauty lie ;
Mountains at whose verdant feet
Lake and winding river meet ;
Stream and brooklet warble there,
Bloom the banks of Jordan fair,
And his twin-divided stream
Flows to meet the morning beam.
Along Callirhoe's rock-girt vale
The cane-tuft flings it's foliage pale.
Down green Amana's rifted side
How fresh the sparkling waters glide ;
While the amethystine bow
Spans the glittering wave below.
By Cherith's brook the raven feeds,
Fair Cedron hath her flowery meads.
Swept by the Seraph's golden wing
Still gleams Bethesda's sacred spring,
In the blue depth of Soreck's rill,
Still dips the bird it's little bill,
And by grey rock, and waving tree,
Still Siloah flows thy fountain free.

Sweet streams ! how many an age untold
 Have your sacred waters roll'd,
 Since bending o'er your flowery brink
 The Christian warrior kneel'd to drink ;
 Who his dear master's tomb to save,
 Found in the Syrian sands his grave.
 For your deep valleys far away
 He fled the battle's distant fray,
 Faint, weary, wounded, hither came
 To slake the fever's cruel flame ;
 In Esk or Eden's shadowy stream
 No more his dancing plumes shall gleam.
 Through riven mail, and plated coat,
 Him the Persian fauchion smote,
 And the hot Moor, and Hagarene,
 Pour'd, deep as death, their arrows keen.
 No vassal in the tented field,
 Remains his dying Lord to shield,
 The visor's steely bars unlace,
 Or loose the gorget's stern embrace.
 Not one of all survives, to lay
 The sacred sod, the requiem say,
 Or o'er the dark Northumbrian plain,
 To wake his warder's horn again.
 Yet stretch'd along thy fatal shore,
 Still his cross of red he wore,
 Still bless'd that bearded hermit old,
 Who bare his crosier-staff of gold :

And, shrin'd still in that faithful breast,
His dying lips the Sangreal prest.

That sepulchral rock be shown,
Where the meek has lain him down,
And with mild eye to heaven inclin'd
There his earthly load resign'd.
See where round Bethlehem's humble thatch,
Sate, like bright stars, the angelic watch.
While far along the eastern road
New risen, the lamp of radiance glowed.
Fit temple for the Deity!
That lowly roof shall blessed be!
Him with loud Hosannah greet,
And beneath his hallow'd feet,
Rich garments strew, and boughs of pride
From the noble palm-tree's side.
Thee may the holy Paraclete
On dove-like wing descending meet.
Leave not unknown, each stone, or sod,
Where thy Saviour's footsteps trod;
When within it's mortal shrine
Mov'd the majesty divine;
Where on his Lord's confiding breast,
The lov'd disciple sank to rest,
Or in contemplation sweet.
Sate thoughtful at his Master's feet,

With inward eye revolving still,
 What the kindling heart might fill :
 Or on the wings of faith and prayer,
 It's ruin'd glories best repair ;
 And soon vouchsaf'd the heavenly grace,
 Beam'd from that mild celestial face,
 That now by Nain's widow'd walls,
 To light, to life the dead recalls,
 And o'er the silent chamber weeps
 Where he the friend, the brother sleeps.—
 Or where that sweet and virgin maid
 In her pensive bosom laid
 Motherly thoughts, and cares, and fears,
 Of what reveal'd in ancient years,
 By seer, or prophet, well might seem
 The visions of a troubled dream :
 Such as oft at midnight prest
 Upon that pure, unstained breast,
 Yet with hallow'd trust between,
 And resignation meekly seen,
 Till o'er the heavenly promis'd child
 In tears of hope, and love she smil'd.
 Rose of the Paraclete divine !
 Sweet flower ! what trembling thoughts were thine,
 When with thee, a humble maid,
 The incarnate spirit erst did shade
 His crown of glory : to thee was given
 Of the kindling breath of heaven ;

In thy pure bosom from above
 Waking the holy flame of love,
 That now, fair flower, around thee plays
 In circling crowns of sainted rays.

Pass Abarim thy mountains hoar,
 And Dalmanutha's inland shore ;
 Let Samaria's sea-ward plain
 Oft thy wand'ring feet detain :
 On the mountains be thou free
 Of the gales of Galilee.
 Those flowery glens, and valleys sweet
 Were trod by bright angelic feet ;
 Many a pure and holy guest
 Oft their fragrant mantle prest :
 On the green, and mossy bed
 Meek wisdom lean'd the pensive head,
 And where the eternal footsteps trod
 Mute, trembling nature owns her God.
 Ye aged towers of Solyma !
 Thou ancient seat of sovereign sway !
 Rich diadem of Judah's throne
 Holding thy desert realm alone,
 Say, why yon noontide shadow falls
 Like night, upon thy ebon walls.
 A veil of darkness o'er thee drawn,
 A sable shroud that hides the dawn.

Why fades thy regal diadem
 Thou heavenly-thron'd Hiërusalem!
 Why droops thy pale, disceptred hand
 Great queen of Jewry's ancient land.
 Where is the promis'd crown decreed,
 To Israel's faith, to Abraham's seed:
 And why of hope, of help forlorn
 Has sank the strength of Judah's horn?

Is the sun with shrouded head
 From the deserted Zodiac fled:
 And his old Ecliptic leaves,
 For which the world in darkness grieves?
 Are the aged stars on high
 Dimm'd in the pure etherial sky:
 That night, with now unwonted sway,
 Hath seiz'd the empty throne of day,
 And in her dull and murky shade
 His bright meridian glories fade.
 Why with grief, and anger strook,
 Their fiery wings have th' angels shook,
 And the dread anatomy
 In his fleshless tomb no more can lie?—
 Alas! those bleeding brows behold
 That the twisted thorns enfold.
 Ah! mark! those hands in iron bound,
 The limbs convulsed, the purple wound.

That darkening eye, that form divine
 To death it's fainting soul resign.
 Gor'd by the spear, that sacred side
 Has stream'd with life's expiring tide.
 And is that bare and branchless tree
 Fit throne, thou Lord of might, for thee ?
 Ah ! who shall now from foul despair
 The bruis'd, the broken soul repair :
 Who rise, our shepherd-prince away,
 Defenceless Israel's staff and stay :
 Shield from the boar thy sacred vine,
 And save this scatter'd flock of thine ?—

Loud rushing to their destin'd goal
 The deep, prophetic waters roll,
 And the Iduméan throne .
 Veils in dark eclipse it's crown.
 And see ! betray'd, forsook, denied,
 The God, the child of Bethlehem died.
 Oh lost ! oh ruin'd earth ! e'en He
 Thou gav'st to death, has died for thee.
 Oh captive meek ! oh sinless thrall !
 Of Pilate's bar, of Herod's hall.
 Oh ! powers of darkness leagued below.
 Oh unimaginable woe !
 Alas ! thou spotless sacrifice
 No more to bless our gazing eyes.

Meek Lord of life ! thy steps no more
 Be seen on Salem's winding shore.
 Nor thy mild lips in converse sweet
 More inform our willing feet.
 And ever must we part from thee,
 Thou sole, sweet flower of Jesse's tree !
 Thou latest hope, thou only one
 Of Sion's lost, and ruin'd throne.
 And fled, for ever fled, in death
 Sleeps the man of Nazareth.
 And set is Jacob's promis'd star,
 Whose orient lights were hail'd afar ;
 From where morn builds her rosy nest
 To the golden chambers of the west.
 The grave's immortal prey at last,
 Has the God eternal past ;
 And loos'd the star-embroider'd zone,
 That bound the bright crystalline throne ?
 Must we too on the mountains mourn
 The Prophet lost, the mantle torn.
 Must we too cry—"farewell, farewell,
 The chariots and the horse of Israel."—
 Was it for this, were set in vain
 The seals of Judah's sainted reign.
 Or when, with golden wings array'd,
 Before the Galilæan maid,
 Stood in splendent beauty bright
 Like morn, an angel-form of light ;

Bearing to the virgin flower
 A branch from heaven's immortal bower,
 While the adoring thrones above
 Their starry foreheads bow'd in love.
 Oh ! back to Sion's once lov'd plain,
 In deathless form return again !
 Around thy guilty people fling
 The shadows of thy gentle wing ;
 Oh ! be to us, to man restor'd,
 Immanuel, Shiloh, Sion's Lord,
 The spotless Lamb, the incarnate Word. }

And where is He, whose form was seen
 Sun-bright, in Eden's alleys green,
 E'er with stern seraphic guard
 And flaming sword, her gates were barr'd,
 When from the eastern hills afar,
 Evening's cool, and dewy star,
 Brought up her new-awaken'd train ;
 Or whom by Mamre's later plain,
 Or on Moriah's mount of fire
 Knew the old Chaldean sire
 Thrice call'd ; or whom that chieftain pale
 Met in Achor's holy vale,
 In diamantine arms array'd,
 Grasping the huge etherial blade,
 Lord of the heavenly squadrons bright :—
 And where, in starry robes of light,

Is the angel-form that stood,
 By the green and myrtle wood,
 Seated on his steed of flame
 The incommunicable name.
 Or that crown'd spirit, that alone
 Sate upon his sapphire throne
 By Chebar's flood in vision seen ;
 While bright Cherubic forms between,
 With fiery orbs, and wheels of flame,
 On their far-sounding pinions came.
 And where, Lord of the earth, is He,
 Who clad in golden panoply,
 Met the warrior Maccabee ?

Lost Harp of Judah ! once again
 Uplift the deep prophetic strain.
 By thy old glory we intreat
 The Temples vail, the Mercies' seat,
 By those descending seraphs bright,
 Who walk'd the radiant stairs of light,
 Through the pure and marble air,
 Spreading wide their golden hair,
 Till the emerald mountains near
 Glowed amid the sapphire sphere.
 By him, the faithful one, who stood
 Sole, beneath the groaning rood,
 And home the virgin-mother led,
 What time the affrighted brethren fled.

By him, whose eagle-eye reveal'd
 The mystic volume angel-sealed ;
 When pass'd o'er Patmos' rocky throne
 The shadows of the world unknown ;
 By those stars of glory bright
 ' Rich sunbeams of the eternal light,'
 Wing'd like the prophet's car of fire,
 Wake to thy song the angelic choir.

Who " sunlike comes from Themanward,"
 And from " Mount Paran forth appear'd,"
 Whose sounding coursers' bickering flame
 And thunderous necks his form proclaim.
 And who in bright seraphic row
 Stand within the emerald bow,
 And on the golden altars praise
 The ancient, of eternal days.
 What crystal roofs are glittering bright
 In the jasper's orient light ;
 Where rose, or e'er the birth of time,
 The empyrean seat sublime,
 Beyond the diamond's kindling rays,
 Beyond the fierce, and solar blaze.
 What virgin spirits bending low
 Down their crowns and glories throw,
 Where bright flowers of Paradise
 Fresh strewn, unfold their starry eyes.

And the sceptred ancientry
 Swell the loud-enraptur'd cry,
 And who on golden banks recline,
 Aye hymning there the name divine ;
 By the angel-guarded throne
 Where sit the Almighty Three—the One—
 The Trinal Lord, supreme, alone.

Cease, cease the song, a humbler strain,
 More meet for thee on Sion's plain.
 Running brook and fountain clear,
 Oft shall soothe thine evening ear.
 The harps that hang on rock and tree,
 Again shall wake their songs for thee,
 Till the listening night look down
 Stooping low her starry crown,
 And the voice of Seraphim
 In bright order seem to hymn ;
 Till a fairer paradise
 Open to thy youthful eyes.
 Far from the weight of earthly things
 Lov'd spirit, spread thy bolder wings.
 From the weary world of life,
 And toil, and sorrow's endless strife,
 From changeful, weak mortality,
 Mounting to the stedfast sky.
 Faith, that fearless still doth shine,
 And peace, and simple truth be thine.

Brighter flowers be these, than found
E'er while in Eden's hallow'd ground ;
Till in thy pure, and spotless breast,
Angels build their bower of rest,
And the God himself enshrin'd,
Dwell in the meek, and lowly mind.

ΤΩ ΘΕΩ ΔΟΞΑ.

NOTES.

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Sculptur'd Lion—On the site of the Tomb of Leonidas. See the interesting account in Clarke's Travels in Greece.

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Soft Ionian—In the absence of the sea breeze, I felt a langour which approached to fainting, and clearly recognized 'the soft Ionia.' Chateaubriand's Travels, v. i. p. 301.

Paxus—See Plutarch de defect. Oracul. V. vii. p. 650. ed. Reiske. See also Milton's Hymn on the Nativity. 'The lonely mountains o'er,' &c.

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Abassin Kings—See Milton's Paradise Lost, B. iv. l. 280.

Memnon—Mr. Hamilton thinks that there were two pretended vocal statues of Memnon at Thebes. See his Egyptiaca.

Mark the smooth rock—'It would be worth an inquiry, to ascertain whether any of the sculptures on the 'Jebel-Mokatteb,' or written Mountain, near Horeb and Sinai, supposed at one time to be the work of the Israelites, during their 40 years of wandering in the Desert, and to be in the lost Hebrew character, resemble in any manner, the works scattered on the hills of these parts.' Buckingham's Travels among the Arab Tribes, 4to. v. l. p. 98. Irby and Mangle's Travels, p. 413. Notes of Sir F. Henniker, on Egypt and Syria. On the inscriptions at Mount Serbal, and Wady Aleyat, see Burckhardt's Travels in Syria, p. 606, 613. See a fac simile of an inscription on a rock in the Wady El Hazzeb, similar to those in the Wady Mokatteb, in Burckhardt, p. 478, 581. See Niebuhr, v. i. p. 50. 'These cliffs and rocks in the Wady Mokatteb, are thickly covered with inscriptions

which are continued, with intervals of a few hundred paces only, for at least two leagues and a half. To copy all these inscriptions, would occupy a skilful draftsman six or eight days. They are all of the same description I have already mentioned; consisting of short lines, written from right to left, and with the singular character represented in p. 479, invariably at the beginning of each. Some of them are on rocks of twelve or fifteen feet high, which required a ladder to ascend them.' Burckhardt's Travels, p. 620.

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Scatter'd sedge—Milton's Paradise Lost, lib. l. v. 304.

Dragon—Pharoah was represented under the figure of a Dragon, in the language of prophecy. Ezekiel xxix. 3. 'I am against thee, Pharoah, King of Egypt, the great Dragon, that liveth in the midst of the rivers.'

Zohiel—Canopus.

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Coral banks—'Red Coral is very common on this part of the coast. In the evening I saw a great number of shell-fish come from the water.' Burckhardt, p. 517.

Painted shells—'E rubro lucida concha mari.' Tibull. Eleg. ii. 4, 30. Propertii Eleg. iii. xi. 6. Senecæ Thyest. 371.

" Qui rubri vada literis
Et gemmis mare lucidum
Late sanguineum tenent."

Peaks of emerald—The rough and lofty rocks of granite and porphyry, with which Cossir is on all sides environed, have a magnificent and terrific appearance. Huge rocks of porphyry, both red and green, are distinguishable. The 'verde antico' it was long before I could discover: at length I found it by the signs Bruce had described. Brown's Travels in Africa, p. 147. On the ancient Emerald Mines, see Volney's Travels in Syria, v. i. p. 14. Quarterly Review, No. LV. p. 63. Called 'Maadden Ezzummerud,' near Cossir, see Brown, p. 146. beautifully alluded to by Mr. Heber in his 'Passage of the Red Sea.'

Lo! these are they whom Lord of Afric's fates,
Old Thebes hath pour'd through all her hundred gates.
Mother of armies! how the Emeralds glowed
Where flush'd with power and vengeance Pharaoh rode!

‘Before us extended the large bay of ‘Birket Faraoun,’ so called from being, according to Arab tradition, the place where the Israelites crossed the sea, and where the returning waves overwhelmed Pharaoh and his host.’ Burckhardt, p. 624, who agrees with Niebuhr in his conjecture, that the Israelites crossed the sea near Suez. v. p. 472.

In Exitu—See Dante Il Purgatorio, cant. ii. vj.

‘In exitu Israel de Egitto.’

Cantavan tutti ‘nsieme ad una voce.

Elims Caves—‘Tor’ is supposed to be the ancient ‘Elim.’ The number of springs is still the same; but that of the palm trees has increased. There is another place named ‘Elim,’ between this and Suez. Sir F. Henniker’s notes, p. 214. But see Burckhardt, p. 472, “If *Bir Howara* is the ‘Marah’ of Exodus, then *Wady Gharendel* is probably ‘Elim,’ with its wells and date trees.”

Marble Head—Sinai and Horeb, are granitic. See Buckingham’s Travels, p. 202. In summer, when the wind is strong, a hollow sound is sometimes heard, as coming from the upper country. The Arabs say that the spirit of Moses then descends from Mount Sinai, and in flying across the sea, bids farewell to his beloved mountains.’ Burckhardt’s Travels, p. 517. Mount Sinai, and the desarts lying between that peninsula and Judea, have not like the latter country, preserved many of the names of holy scripture. Ditto xiii. p. 587. Yet the route of the Israelites through the desert, is traced by Col. Leake. ‘The upper region of Sinai, forming a circle of thirty or forty miles in diameter, possessing water, a temperate climate, and a good soil, was the part of the peninsula best adapted to the residence of the Israelites near a year. p. xiv. The Arabs believe that the rains which fall, are under the control of Moses; and that the priests of the Convent or Djebel Mousa, are in possession of a book (the Taourat) sent down to Moses from heaven, on the opening and shutting of which the rains depend. The reputation the monks have obtained has become very troublesome. Some years since, a violent flood burst on the peninsula. A Bedouin chief, whose camels and sheep had been swept away, went in a fury to the convent, and fired his gun at it, exclaiming—‘You have opened the book so much that we are all drowned.’ He was pacified by presents, but begged on departing, that the monks would only half open the ‘Taourat,’ in order that the rains might be more moderate. Burckhardt’s Travels, p. 568.

Amorite—The Amorites dwelt between Jabbok and Arnon. See Buckingham's Travels, p. 325. Burckhardt has greatly improved our knowledge of sacred geography, by ascertaining many of the Hebrew sites in the once populous, but now deserted region, formerly known by the names of Edom, Ammon, Moab, and the country of the Amorites. *Vide* Introduction to Burckhardt, p. v. On the passage of the Israelites through the hostile nations, and the course which they pursued, see the interesting and curious remarks of Col. Leake, in his Introduction to Burckhardt's Travels, p. xiv—xvi.

Proud and Haut—See Milton's Psalm lxxx. 35.—Sylvester's Du Bartas, p. 135, 'Strife hatching, *haut* ambition.' Warton in his note, has not given any authority for the word.

Arnon—Wady Moodjab, the ancient Arnon. The valley of the Arnon is less shrubby than that of most of the streams in this country; probably ascribable to the frequency and violence of the torrents.—Irby and Mangle's Travels. p. 460.

Discolour'd waters—The mountains terminate at the Dead Sea, in a pile of desolate rocks, full of precipices and caverns. Volney, l. 293. 'Black perpendicular rocks throw their lengthened shadows over the waters of the Dead Sea. The smallest bird of heaven would not find, on any of these rocks, a blade of grass for it's sustenance. Every thing announces the country of a reprobate people, and seems to breathe the horror, and incest, whence sprang Moab and Ammon. Chateaubriand's Travels, i. 407. Such is the scene famous for the benedictions and the curses of heaven. This river is the Jordan, this lake the Dead Sea, &c.

Kindling furnace—The bituminous and sulphurous sources of the lake Asphaltites, the lava, the pumice stones, thrown upon it's banks, and the hot baths of Tabaria, demonstrate that this valley has been the seat of a subterraneous conflagration, not yet extinguished. Clouds of smoke are often observed to issue from the lake, and new crevices to be found upon it's banks. Volney, l. p. 303. If we adopt the idea of Professor Michaelis and Busching, Physics may be admitted into the catastrophe of the guilty cities, without offence to religion. Sodom was built on a mine of bitumen, as we know from the testimony of

Moses and Josephus, who speak concerning wells of bitumen in the valley of Siddim. Lightning kindled the combustible mass, and the cities sank in the subterraneous conflagration. Malte Brun suggests that they might have been built of bituminous stones, whence they have been set on flames by the fires of heaven. Chateaubriand's Travels, i. 414.

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Slow oblivious—It's waters are heavier than any other known. That though the Jordan, which comes through the fine fresh lake of Tiberias, and continues sweet to the end, discharges itself into the Dead Sea, it's smell is offensive, and it's taste bitter and highly disagreeable. It is constantly throwing up from it's bottom, large masses of black bitumen. Buckingham's Travels among Arab Tribes, p. 54, 20.

Heaves—On the temporary islands of bitumen, in the Dead Sea. See Irby and Mangle's Travels, p. 457, described by Pliny—'A dismal sound proceeded from the Lake of Death, like the stifled clamour of the people engulfed in it's waters.' Chateaubriand's Travels, p. 413. Josephus, who employs a poetical expression, says, that he perceived on the banks of the lake, the shadows of the overwhelmed cities. Ditto, p. 415. Strabo speaks of thirteen towns swallowed up in the lake Asphaltites. Steph. Byz, reckons eight. Genesis names five in the vale of Siddim: Sodom, Gomorrah, Admah, Zeboim, and Bela, or Zoar, but it mentions only the two former as having been destroyed by the wrath of God. Deuteronomy mentions four, omitting Bela; and Ecclesiasticus speaks of five. Ditto, p. 415. See Vignettes of the 'Vale of Death,' in Buckingham's Travels, p. 185, 190. The Dead Sea is called Bahr-el-Lout (Sea of Lot,) by the Arabs in these parts. Buckingham's Travels, p. 19.

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Bedouin archer—Burckhardt says, 'I believe bows are no longer used as regular weapons by the Bedouins, in any part of Arabia.' p. 572. It appears from an ancient picture in the convent of M. St. Catherine, which represents the arrival of an archbishop from Egypt, as well as from written documents in the Archives, that in the sixteenth century, the Arabs were armed with bows and arrows, as well as matchlocks. At present the former are no longer known. Ditto, p. 572. Mrs. Hol-dernesse says, 'the bow' is quite out of use among the Tartars of the Crimea. She saw only one, and that as an object of curiosity.

Caloyer—See Chateaubriand's Travels, ii. p. 23, which passage suggested the imagery in the text.

Sanziack—See Sandys' Travels, p. 113, 117, folio.

Coptic—Copts, Kobti, abbreviation of Ai-goupti-os. Copts, probably the remains of the ancient Egyptians. Volney, i. 79. Volney speaks of the melancholy inspired in the pilgrims at the sight of the gloomy rocks of the Dead Sea, the most savage in nature. Vol. ii. p. 310.

Salt—The extreme saltness of the water 'Asphaltites,' is infinitely stronger than the sea. Volney, ii. 311.

Sodom—I must not omit what was confidently attested to me by the Father Guardian, and Procurator of Jerusalem, both men of years, that they had actually seen one of these ruins, (in the Dead Sea,) that it was so near the shore, and the water so shallow at the time, that they, together with some Frenchmen, went to it, and found there several pillars, and other fragments of buildings. The cause of our being deprived of this sight, was, I suppose, the height of the water. Maundrel, p. 128.

Cells—On the Grottos in Palestine. See Maundrel, p. 169, 12mo.

Saida—See Irby and Mangle's Travels, p. 200. It derived it's name from 'Sidon,' the first-born of Canaan. See Genesis, x. 15. The present Soor, or Sour, is the ancient Tyre. See Buckingham's Travels in Syria, p. 37. Mr. Jowett says, 'No National Tariff of the present day exhibits a more interesting variety of produce and manufacture, than that recorded in the xxvii. chapter of Ezekiel. See Christ. Research. p. 311.

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Galleys—See Ezekiel xxvii. 'They have taken cedars from Libanus to make masts for thee. Blue and purple from the isles of Elishah was that which covered thee. They brought thee for presents horns of ebony and ivory,' &c.

Cedars—Of the oldest and best looking trees, I counted eleven or twelve. Twenty-five very large ones, fifty of middle size, and about three hundred small and young ones. See Burckhardt's Travels, p. 19, with an etching of some. Ezekiel xxxi. 16. "The trees of Eden, the choice and best of Lebanon," which seems to infer, that the cedars always near the same place in which the remaining ones may be found, as they are not more than five miles from the modern village of Eden. Irby and Mangle's, p. 210.

Sharon's meads—In April, 1713, when Father Neret travelled this

Plain of Sharon, it was covered with tulips. The flowers which in spring adorn this celebrated plain, are the white and red rose, the narcissus, the white and orange lily, and a highly fragrant species of everlasting flower. Chateaubriand, i. p. 376.

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Bothwell bank—See Verstegan's *Restitution of Decayed Intelligence*, p. 327. "And here by occasion of this termination, I am to crave the reader's patience for a little digression, to relate a thing whereof it hath given me remembrance. So it fell out of late years, that an English gentleman travelling in Palestine, not far from Jerusalem, as he passed thorow a country town, he heard by chance a woman sitting at the door, dandling her child, to sing—'Bothwell bank thou bloomest fayre.'—The gentleman here at exceedingly wondered, and forthwith in English saluted the woman, who joyfully answered him, and said, she was right glad to see a gentleman of our isle, and told him that she was a Scottish woman, and came first from Scotland to Venice, and from Venice thither, where her fortune was to be the wife of an officer under the Turk, who being at that instant absent, and very soon to return, intreated the gentleman to stay there until his return. The which he did, and she for country sake, to shew herself the more kind and bountiful unto him, told her husband at his home-coming, that the gentleman was her kinsman. Wherefore her husband entertained him very friendly, and at his departure gave him divers things of good value."

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Petra—Petra was the chief town of the Nabataei; it appears from Strabo, that previous to the reign of Augustus, or under the late Ptolemies, a very large portion of the commerce of Arabia and India, passed through Petra, to the Mediterranean. See Col. Leake's *Introduction to Burckhardt's Travels*, p. vii. Also a plan of it in Burckhardt, p. 434. Petra under the Romans, gave the name of Arabia Petræa to the surrounding territory. Ditto, p. vi. viii. A comparison of the architecture of Wady Mousa and at Tadmoor, strengthens the opinion that Palmyra flourished at a later period than Petra. Ditto, p. x. Mousa (says Col. Leake,) is perhaps an Arabian corruption of 'Mosera,' where Aaron is said to have died. vii. See a highly interesting account of the journey to the Wady Mousa and Petra, with Mr. William Bankes, through the

jealous and contending Arab Tribes, in Irby and Mangle's, p. 335—405. Abou Zatoun, (the Father of the Olives,) the Sheikh of Wady Mousa, with violent gestures swore 'by the beard of his Prophet,' and 'by the honour of their women,' that we should not drink of their water, or pass into his territory. Abou Raschid sprang on his horse and seized his spear, exclaiming, "I have set them on their horses, let me see who will dare to stop Abou Raschid." On the coming up of his people he took an oath 'By the honour of their women, and by the faith of a true Mussulman,' that we should drink the water of Wady Mousa," &c. and Abou Raschid's word was stronger than the word of Abou Zatoun.

Page xxvii.

Gherasa—On the ruins of this lately discovered city, see Buckingham's Travels, p. 325, 342, 354. The Nahr-el-Zebeen is a stream that flows by Gherasa. Ditto, 345. See also Irby and Mangle's, who visited it p. 311, a plan and description in Burckhardt, p. 252—264. Mr. Seetzen discovered the ruins of Djerash, (or Kerash,) in 1806, it was not known to Europeans before; and of Amman, (Philadelphia,) in the ancient Decapolis, in his journey from Damascus to Jerusalem. Burckhardt, p. 211. It is, I believe, doubtful whether the ruins of Djerash are those of Pella or Gherasa. See Irby, p. 476. Their situation is in favor of the former supposition: the similarity of their name of the latter. The sheikh observed that Gerash and Amman, had been princely cities once, but the prophecy had been fulfilled. 'What prophecy,' said the traveller. 'That delivered by Solomon, the son of David, on the steps of the Summer Palace of Amman, when he foretold to his royal brothers the ruin of their kingdoms, observing that their decline had already commenced, *for oil had risen three paras a skin.*' Buckingham's Travels, p. 19.

Demon-bird—Suggested by a passage in Buckingham's Travels, p. 405. This fable was related to him in his tent, by a Bedouin, the evening of his visit to Gherasa.

Page xxix.

Aurelius—Most of the Roman inscriptions in Syria, seem to bear the names of one of the Antonines. See Burckhardt, p. 190, on the inscription to Antoninus, not Antoninus Pius, but Caracalla, as the epithet 'Britannus' could not apply to the former.

Imp. Cæs. M. Aurilius
 Antoninus Pius Felix Augustus.
 Part. Max. Brit. Max. Germ. Maximus
 Pontifex Maximus
 Montibus imminentibus
 Lico flumini Cæsis Viam delatavit
 per - - - - -
 Antoninianam Suam.

Miramolin—Suggested by a passage in the *Lusiad* of Camoens.

Page xxx.

Earth's convulsive—See Isaiah xiv. 9. "Hell from beneath is moved for thee, to meet thy coming. It stirreth up the dead for thee, even all the chief ones of the earth. It hath raised up for thee the thrones, all the kings of the nations."

Page xxxii.

Thirsty sands—See Genesis xxi. 19.

Sur—From Sur to Havilah, the whole extent of Arabia. See 1 Samuel xv. 7.

Page xxxiii.

Blood of Hagar—It would be an interesting subject for an artist to pourtray accurately the different characters of the features of the Syrian nations, the Aleppine, the Turckman, the native of Libanus, the Damascene, the inhabitant of the sea coast from Beirout to Akka, and the Bedouin—they all have distinct natural physiognimies. Towards the east of Palestine, in the villages about Nablous, Jerusalem, and Hebron, they are evidently of the true Syrian stock. See Burckhardt's *Travels*, p. 340.

Scarce won—Mrs. Holderness (Travels in the Crimea, p. 6.) says that the poor Tartars, like Jacob, serve an apprenticeship *for* the wives, and then are admitted as a part of the family." Poor Europeans, it seems, serve an apprenticeship *to* their wives, and are *not* admitted as part of the family.

Time-worn sepulchre—See Genesis xxxv. 20. "The first sepulchral monument noticed, is that of Rachel, styled also a pillar, and raised also by Jacob." Principles of Design in Architecture, by W. Mitford, p. 7. Instead of a pillar, the spot is now covered with a Mahomedan

building, resembling in it's exterior, the tombs of sheikhs and saints in Arabia and Egypt, small, square, and surmounted by a dome. See a plate of it in Buckingham's Travels, p. 217.

Oskir—Or Oschar. On this tree, see Irby and Mangle's Travels, p. 354, 450. I suppose that this is the tree which Burckhardt calls 'Asheyr,' common in the 'Ghor;' called 'Oshour' in Upper Egypt, and Nubia, Norden gives a drawing of it. See Burckhardt, p. 397.

Page xxxv.

Lone Desert—During this night's march my companions alluded to a superstitious belief among the Bedouins, that the desert is inhabited by female demons, who carry off travellers, in the rear of the caravans, to enjoy their embraces. They call them 'On Megheylyan' from Ghoul. The loss of those who loiter behind the great pilgrim caravans, and are cut off by Bedouin robbers, may have given rise to this fable, which afforded my companions a joke against me; 'You townsmen, said they, would be exquisite morsels for these ladies, who are accustomed only to the food of the desert.' Burckhardt's Travels, p. 452.

Mahmal—Of the seven different pilgrim caravans which unite at Mekka, two only bear the "Mahmal," the Egyptian and Syrian. The latter is the first in rank. See Burckhardt, p. 245, Maundrell's Travels, p. 187, for a description of it.

Caaba gate—Damascus and Cairo are the two gates of the Caaba. The two Caravans that make the pilgrimage to Mekka, setting out from them. See Volney, i. p 129, and Buckingham's Travels among Arab Tribes, p. 426. The passage in the poem alludes to the interruption of the caravans by the Wahabees. To this sect, says Buckingham, p. 102, nearly the whole of the upper part of Arabia, from Medina, to Palmyra, and in the heart of the desert, had become converts, and were increasing and spreading in every direction. The Wahabees, says Brown, p. 389, arose about 1710. Their profession of faith is—there is no God, but God; inferring that the prophet when dead, deserves no homage. The founder Abd-el-azîz el-Wahhâbê. See Niebuhr Descr. d'Arabie, p. 208. He denies the divine origin of the Koran, and destroys all the Mosques he can meet with. The gate of Damascus, through which the Hadj annually commences it's laborious journey, is called 'Bab Ullah,' the Gate of God; but might with more propriety be named 'Bab el Maul,' the Gate of Death, for scarcely a

third ever returns. Burckhardt, p. 52. The last year in which the Hadj quitted Damascus, the pilgrims reached the gates of Medina, but were not permitted to enter the town, or to proceed to Mekka: and after an unsuccessful negotiation of seven days, were obliged to return to Damascus. About two hundred Persian Hadjs, only were allowed to pass, on paying a large sum of money. Ibn-Saoud, the Wahabi chief, had one interview with Abdallah Pasha, at Djebel Arfat, near Mekka: they exchanged presents, and parted as friends.' A volume is promised from the MSS. of Burckhardt, on the Arabs of the Desert, and particularly on the Wahabees, which, without doubt, will contain curious information on this very interesting subject.

Page xxxvi.

Thesbian—'Thisbe,' supposed to be the native city of Elijah. Vide Tobit i. 2.

Page xxxvii.

Sycomore—*Ficus Sycomorus*, the Sycomore of Egypt, where it grows to a very large size: grows also in Syria. See Irby and Mangle's, p. 177. Common in Africa. See Brown's Travels, p. 270. Often alluded to in scripture. See 1 Kings x. 27. Amos vii. 14. It's fruit is a wild fig, it's wood peculiarly durable. Jowett's Chr. Res. p. 75. See an interesting account of it in Fraser's Travels on the Caspian. He supposes the Sycomore, or Chinar tree, and the long sought Phoenix to be the same, as they both go off, after an age of 1000 years, in spontaneous combustion.

Page xxxviii.

Honied rock—See Deuteronomy xxxii. 13, note. Matthew iii. 4. Hereabouts, says Maundrell, p. 129, and also in many other places on the plain, I perceived a strong scent of honey and wax. The sun being very hot, and the bees were very industrious about the blossoms of that salt weed which the plain produces.

Page xxxix.

Fair flock—See 1 Kings xx.

Page xl.

Skreen of Pine—See Nehemiah viii. 15.

Zerkah—Zerkah, the 'Jabbok,' a small stream winding prettily in a narrow valley. Irby and Mangles, p. 319.

Jordan—Called 'Shereeah' by the Arabs. See Buckingham's Travels, p. 418. Joshua iii. 15. 1 Kings xi. 5—7. 2 Kings xvii. 5, 6.

Page xlii.

Ambrosiac—On the 'Manna,' which drops from the tamarisk, or tarfa, and which was found by Burckhardt. See his Travels, p. 599. 'Although the tamarisk is one of the most common trees in Arabia; I never heard of it's producing *Manna*, except in Mount Sinai.' The Wady el Sheikh, and the upper part of Wady Feiran, the only places in the peninsula, where manna is gathered from below the tamarisk trees, accord exactly with that part of the Desart of Sin, in which Moses first gave his followers the sweet substance. Introduction to ditto, p. xiii.

Living cloud—Burckhardt, p. 406, conjectures that the bird katta, (Tetrao Alkatta,) which is met with in immense numbers in Syria, and flies in such large flocks, that the Arab boys often kill two or three at a time, merely by throwing a stick among them, is the selona or quail of the children of Israel. See Russell's Aleppo, vol. ii. p. 194.

Carmel's steep—A cave in Carmel, called the School of Elias. See Buckingham's Travels, p. 320. On the summit of Carmel, the friar showed us a cave cut in the natural rock, where Elijah had his altar. See Irby and Mangles, p. 193. 1 Kings xviii. 7.

City—Of the several capitals of Egypt, in successive reigns, Thebes, or Diospolis, seems the most ancient: next is Memphis, itself a city of the most remote antiquity. Babylon seems to have been only the capital of a part retained by the Persians, after Cambyzes had subdued Egypt, and was by all accounts founded by the Persians. Alexandria succeeded Memphis, and remained the chief city till the Saracens founded Misr-el-Kahira. Vide Burckhardt, p. 174. See also Brown's Travels in Africa, p. 135. 'These venerable ruins are probably the most ancient in the world.'

Page xliv.

Magi—See Daniel xlix.

Moloch—See Heywood's Hierarchie, p. 399.

Ramath—The Deserts of Arabia not being practicable for an army, the Kings of Babylonia, Assyria, Media, commonly crossed the Eu-

phrates at Tiphseh, or Thapsacus, and approached Judea on the north side, by way of Damascus and Syria. Calmet's Notes on Jerem. iv. 6.

Page xlv.

Damascus—For sabres of the ancient steel of Damascus, they pay generally £40. or £50. sterling. The qualities esteemed, are lightness, equality, ring of the temper, waving of the iron, and above all keenness of theedge: but these blades are as brittle as glass. Volney, i. 175.

Tyrian wave—See Deuteronomy xxxiii. 19.

Bosrah—‘Bosrah,’ now Boorza, was on an eminence to the right. Saw the ruins of an old castle. See Buckingham's Travels, p. 331—335. Psalm lx. 9. Jeremiah xlviii. 24. See a plate and description of Bosrah, in Buckingham's Travels, p. 157, 202. The rustic masonry is the Roman: on the walls is a long Arabic inscription, dated in the year of the hegira 722, and a Greek inscription near the entrance. See also Burckhardt, p. 206, on the ruins of Bosrah, ‘now including it's ruins, the largest town in the Haouran.’

Heshbon—The city of Heshbon is seated on so commanding a position, that the view from it extends at least thirty miles in every direction; and to the southward the eye ranges probably sixty miles, in a straight line. The city of Jerusalem is just perceptible, bearing due west; and Bethlehem more distinctly visible, distant twenty-five or thirty miles. Buckingham's Arab Tribes, p. 106.

Red Moab's iron—This is probably the range called by Josephus, the Iron Mountains, one of the ridges of the eastern hills which bounds Judea on that side, and runs in length as far as Moab. Sir F. Henniker's Notes, p. 322. Iron is the only mineral that abounds here; the mountains of the Kesrouan, and of the Druses, are full of it. Judea cannot be without it, since about 3000 years ago, Moses observed, that it's stones were iron. Volney, i. p. 302. On Moab's iron red mountains, see Buckingham, p. 317, 320. On the mountain of ‘iron,’ east of the Jordan, see Burckhardt, p. 375. It is the black Haouran stone which Mr. Seetzen calls Basalt, rather the ‘tufwache’ of the Germans. The Arabs believe that these stones consist chiefly of iron, and I was often asked if I did not know how to extract it.

El-ghor—The long valley known by the name of El Ghor, and El Araba, the prolongation of the valley of the Jordan, which completes a longitudinal separation of Syria; extending for 300 miles from the sources of that river, to the eastern bank of the Red Sea, indicates

that the Jordan once discharged itself into the Red Sea, and confirms the truth of that great volcanic convulsion (Genesis xix.) which interrupted the course of that river; which converted into a lake the fertile plain occupied by the cities of Adma, Zeboin, Sodom, and Gomorrah, and which changed all the valley to the southward of that district into a sandy desert. See Introduction to Burckhardt's Travels, p. vi. See the description of the valley in ditto, p. 274, 345. The valley of El Ghor, may be said to extend from the Red Sea to the sources of the Jordan. p. 441. See also Irby and Mangle's Travels, p. 353. The name of El Ghor, or the deep valley, is given to the whole valley, or low country, from the Dead Sea, through the plain of Jordan, all the way up to the Gebel-el-Thelj (Libanus) the Shemir of the scriptures, north of the lake of Tiberias. Buckingham's Travels, p. 471. Col. Leake thinks that El Ghor may be the "highway" by which Moses, aware of the difficulty of forcing his passage, requested the Edomites to let him pass, on condition of his leaving the fields and vineyards untouched, and of purchasing provisions and water from the inhabitants. See Numbers xx. Burckhardt compares it to the valley of the Bekaa, between Libanus and Anti-libanus, and to the valley of El Ghab on the Orontes. On the valley of El Ghor, see in Quarterly Review, No. xlv. p. 441, an extract from Buckingham's Travels in Nubia, p. 45. It is probable that the trade between Jerusalem and the Red Sea was carried on through this valley, (El Ghor.) The caravan loaded at Ezion-geber, with the treasures of Ophir, might, after a march of six or seven days, deposit its burden in the warehouses of Solomon.

Judah's Lion—See Genesis xlix. 9. Ezekiel xix. 1.

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Lost tribes—Some say that the Ten Tribes are utterly lost: but they themselves that they are in India, (a mighty nation encompassed with rivers of stone, which only cease to run on their sabbath, when prohibited to travel,) from whence they expect their Messias. Sandy's Travels, p. 114. The Rev. Mr. Jowett 'conjectures that the Samaritans may be in secret possession of facts, which might serve as a clue to a discovery relative to the *Ten Tribes*.' See Christ. Res. p. 204. 'I was desirous to know whether they had any communication with Samarcand, or Bukheria. I directed their attention to the opinion that many Jews, and PROBABLY the Ten Tribes exist there.' Ditto, p. 229. Surely a very faint degree of probability! In 2nd volume of

Asiatic Res. a Persian historian traces the descent of the Afghauns (the inhabitants of Caubul) from the Jews, to which Sir W. Jones adds, "We learn from Esdras that the ten tribes came to a country called *Arsareth*; now the Afghauns are said to be descended from the Jews. It is asserted that their families are distinguished by the names of Jewish Tribes, although since their conversion to the Islam, they conceal their origin. The Pushtoo language resembles Chaldaic, and a considerable district under their dominion, is called Hazaret, (the *Arsareth* of Esdras.) Mr. Chamberlain, a resident missionary, adds:—"Many of the Afghauns are, undoubtedly, of the race of Abraham." As the Ten Tribes are thus to be sought in the valleys of Caubul and Cordala; so it appears on the same authority that the remains of the army of Alexander are now the Caufirs, in the Alpine mountains north of Bajour. They are celebrated for their beauty and European complexion, worship idols, drink wine in silver cups, use chairs and tables, and speak a language unknown to their neighbours. Their language has a close connection with the *Sanscrit*. They cannot sit, like other Asiatics, on their haunches, but stretch out their legs like Europeans. They drink, but never become quarrelsome. Their dances are rapid, flourishing the battle-axe, &c. This is enough to convince even Scaliger himself. See Quarterly Review, No. xxvii. p. 184.

Page xlvii.

Tabaria's strand—Tiberias is one of the four holy cities of the Talmud. The other three being Saaffad, Jerusalem, and Hebron. It is esteemed holy ground, because Jacob is supposed to have resided there, and because it is situated on the lake of Gennezareth, from which, according to the Talmud, the Messiah is to rise. See Burckhardt, p. 324. The tombs of the most renowned persons are visited here, in the same manner as the sepulchres of the Mussulman saints. I was informed that a great Rabbin lay buried here, with fourteen thousand of his scholars round him. Ditto, p. 329.

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Gaza's frontier—'Gaza' was the frontier of the land of Canaan. Vide Genesis c. x. See Irby and Mangle's Travels, p. 79.

Page xlix.

Giant kings—Jericho was anciently reckoned the residence of

giants. See Buckingham's Travels, p. 303, 307, 319. Herbelot Biblioth. vol. i. p. 248; ii. 15. Mertha, also, perhaps Merissa or Moreshah, of Josephus, in the tribe of Judah, a day's journey south of Jericho, or thirty miles. See Joseph. His. lib. viii. c. 10.

‘ Pass Mertha, seat of giants old,
In the wild Arabian story told.’

Of the fruitfulness of the land, Mr. Buckingham mentions the tradition, that of the giants, the smallest of them was of the height of twenty-nine cubits, and lived 300 years, and yet five of these “ abridgements of nature” might dwell in the rind of one of their Pomegranates. ‘ Og’ might have put up his bedstead of iron with ease; and the tallest of the sons of Anak, was but ‘ as a grasshopper,’ compared with these “ Nephilim.”

Quiver’d Ephramite—Psalm lxxviii.

Gilead—Of the riches of the land of Bashan and Gilead, see a glowing description in Buckingham's Travels, p. 354.

Page 1.

Reuben hold—On that goodly land which fell to the lot of Reuben, see Buckingham's Travels, p. 321. (Numbers xxxii. 1—7. Josephi Hist. lib. iv. c. 7.) Messrs. Buckingham and Wm. Bankes rode through it; the former expatiates on its great beauty and fertility, compares it to the finest park scenery: and the latter gentleman is said to have thought it unequalled, except between the Minho and Douro, in Portugal. See Buckingham's Travels, p. 327, 330, 408, 507. The eastern portion of the Jewish conquests, was by far the richest and most beautiful of all the country they possessed. It was made the lot of the two tribes of Gad and Reuben, and the half tribe of Manassah. Ditto, p. 399. (Deuteronomy iii. 18.) See also his Travels among the Arab Tribes, p. 141. “ The whole of the country that we had yet traversed on the east of the Jordan, from the lake of Tiberias to the Dead Sea, and from Oom-kais to Heshbon, is fertile in the extreme; and the woody scenery of the mountain districts of Belkah and Adjelon, are scarcely to be surpassed in beauty. The soil is so generally fertile, as to be capable of producing almost any thing that is required. And while the valleys abound with corn-fields, and olive-grounds, the upland slopes of the hills are planted with vines; and the summits of the mountains are clothed with trees of the colder regions. Indeed the portion of the country included within the districts of Belkah and

Adjelon on the east side of the Jordan, is as superior to the promised land on the west of that stream, as the most romantic and beautiful parts of Devonshire, are to the bleak hills and barren heaths of the adjoining country of Cornwall." Much light has been thrown on the geography and antiquities of the Holy Land, by the late researches of Messrs. Burckhardt, Seetzen, and Wm. Bankes, &c. of which Messrs. Mant and D'Oyley might as well avail themselves, in a new edition of their bible.

Watchman—See 2 Kings xi. 17. Habbakuk ii. 1.

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Kishon—Now Ain-el-sherrar. See Buckingham's Travels, p. 108.

Bounding steed—At Apameia, near Farmia, on the Orontes, Strabo says, ' that the Selleucidæ established the school and nursery of their cavalry. The soil abounding in pasturage fed not less than 30,000 mares, 300 stallions, and 500 elephants.' Volney's Travels, ii. p. 298.

Page lii.

Rich mandrake—What this plant was, does not seem to be known. When Maundrell was on his travels, he visited the learned Monsieur Job Ludolphus, at Francfort, who gave him some questions to ask the chief priest of the Samaritans at Nablous. I enquired of him what sort of an animal "Selavæ" might be, he answered a sort of fowls. I asked him what he thought of "Locusts," and whether they may not be the quails. By his answer, it appeared, *he had never heard of any such hypothesis*. I demanded of him what Dudaim, or Mandrakes were, which Leah gave to Rachel for the purchase of her husband's embraces. He said, the virtue of them was to help conception, being laid under the genial bed. Women apply it at this day. It would puzzle a good critic, (says Maundrell,) to give a good reason why Rachel should purchase such vulgar things, at so beloved and contested a price.—p. 96. I think so too, and must leave the chaplain of the Factory at Aleppo, and Monsieur Job Ludolphus of Francfort, and the chief priest of Samaria, to settle the matter; only observing that the Sheikh of Aaere revenged himself on Mr. Burckhardt for Monsieur Ludolph's questions, by five of his own, equally important:—1. Where do the five Wadys flow to, in your country? 2. Do you know the grain of the plant Leiledj? 3. What is the name of the Sultan of China? 4. Are the towns of Hadjar and Medjiran known to

you? is Hadjar in ruins, and who will rebuild it? 5. Is the Moedhy now upon the earth?—p. 303.

Page liii.

Shamgar—On the ‘iron Goad,’ as an instrument of warfare, see Buckingham’s Travels, p. 439. ‘A long Syrian goad which spurs the animal with one end, and clears the plough of clods with the other.’ On examining the size and weight of this iron, Maundrell’s conjecture, (p. 163,) strikes me as a very judicious one, that it might have been with such a weapon, that Shamgar made the prodigious slaughter related of him. (Vide Judges iii. 71.)

Ye travellers—The Bedouins when travelling in small numbers, seldom alight at a well or spring in the evening, for the purpose of their passing the night. They only fill the water skins as quickly as possible, and proceed on their way; for the neighbourhood of watering places is dangerous for travellers, and; especially in desarts when there are few of them, because they become the rendezvous of all strolling parties. See Burckhardt’s Travels, p. 449.

Maiden ornament—I am defended in this expression by Milton’s Paradise Lost, viii. 270. ‘Then spake the *virgin* majesty of Eve.’

Page liv.

God of Sabboath—See Secker’s note on Romans ix. 29.

Eksalls banks—A small village called Belled-Eksall, on the edge of the plain of Esdraelon, about an hour’s distance from the foot of Tabor, north-west On the sepulchres, stone coffins, and subterranean vaults, &c. see Buckingham’s Travels, p. 451. ‘*Perhaps* the sepulchres of these heroes, who fell in the battle between Siserah and Barak. This village of Eksall, is probable that of Xaloth, one of the boundaries of lower Galilee.’ The ‘perhaps’ of Mr. Buckingham, is a poetical certainty.

Page lv.

Earth’s ancient monarchs—See Bishop Lowth’s note on Isaiah xiv. 9. ‘We must form to ourselves an idea of an immense subterraneous vault, a vast gloomy cavern, all round the sides of which, there are cells to receive the dead bodies. There the dead monarchs lie, in a distinguished sort of state, each on his couch, with his arms beside him, and his sword in his hand.’ (See Ezekiel xxxii. 17.) These illus-

trious shades rise at once from their couches, as from their thrones, and advance to meet the King, &c.

Page lvi.

Terebinthine vale—The valley of 'Elah,' or the 'vale of Turpentine,' on the road between Jaffa and Jerusalem. See note from Dr. Edward Clarke's Travels, on Samuel I. xvii. 2, and Buckingham's Travels, p. 228.

Page lvii.

Hebron's halls—This city vied with the best cities of Egypt in antiquity. It is the ancient 'Kiriath Arba,' and is said to be of higher antiquity than Memphis. Abraum, or Hebron, is the place where Abraham died, also Sarah his wife, and Isaac. See Genesis xxiii. 2; xlix. 31. On it's antiquity, see Genesis xiii. 18. Numbers xiii. 22. 'Hebron was built seven years before Zoan in Egypt.' See Irby and Mangle's Travels, p. 311.

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Master—See 1 Kings x. 18, and

By him the chief to farthest India known,
The mighty Master of the ivory throne.

Heber's Palestine.

Nor second he—These lines allude to Josias, Hezekiah, Josaphat.

Page lx.

Tents—Tents of the Bedouin Arabs, made of goat's or camel's hair, black or brown; in which they differ from those of the Turkmans, which are white. Volney, i. 397. All the tents of the Bedouins that I have seen, are made of sheep's wool, and goat's or camel's hair, and are mostly black, with sometimes stripes of brown, white, or grey; but this is in so small a proportion, that even those striped tents all look black at a distance. Buckingham's Travels, i. 52. The women weave carpets and cloths for the tents, which are mostly black, and curtains striped white and black. Goat's hair is manufactured for the purpose. See Irby and Mangles, p. 483. The tent of our host was made with alternate white and black shoukes, or cloth made of goat's hair. Burckhardt's Travels, p. 91.

Bethell—Bethell sacred. See 1 Samuel x. 3.

Page lxi.

Aurora—‘As Boreas threw his young Aurora forth.’ Collins’ Ode on the Superstitions of the Highlands.

Shechinah—The symbol of God’s Presence, See Exodus xiii. 21. remained in the most holy place. See Isaiah lx. 13, and Lowth’s Note.

Moriah—‘Moriah’ had the whole of it’s summit occupied by the great Temple of Solomon; and the surface was even artificially extended to admit of the extensive courts that surrounded it. This is still preserved by the magnificent Mosque of Omar, now covering the same ground. See Buckingham’s Travels, p. 280.

Page lxii.

Callirhoe—On the valley of Callirhoe, see Irby and Mangle’s Travels, p. 467.

Bethesda—We have nothing left of the primitive architecture of the Jews at Jerusalem, except the ‘Pool of Bethesda.’ This is still to be seen near St. Stephen’s gate, a reservoir of 150 feet long, 40 wide. In it grow pomegranates, wild tamarinds, and nopals. Josephus calls it ‘Stagnum Salomonis.’ Chateaubriand’s Travels, ii. p. 99.

Siloah—Chateaubriand compares the fountain of Siloa, to Vancluse. It has a kind of ebb and flood. Sometimes discharging it’s current, at others scarcely suffering it to run at all.—“A little further we came to the Pool of Siloam, ‘whose waters go softly:’ they have a current, but it is almost imperceptible. Jowett’s Christ. Res. p. 260.

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Abarim—Pisgah. Vide Deuteronomy xxxiv. 1.

Dalmanutha—Capernaum. Vide Mark viii. 10. See Buckingham’s Travels, p. 474. Jowett’s Christ. Res. p. 178. That city ‘once exalted into heaven,’ has scarcely a relique left.

Page lxviii.

Shield from the boar—Towards noon we passed a valley, grubbed up in all directions by wild boars. The soil had all the appearance of being literally ploughed up by them. Vide Irby and Mangle’s Travels, p. 271. The animals are so numerous in the ‘Ghor,’ that the Arabs are unable to cultivate the common barley, called here ‘Shayr Araby.’ See Burckhardt, p. 278. Psalm lxxx. 13. ‘The wild boar out of the

wood, doth root it.' It is a common belief among the Turks, that all the animal kingdom was converted by the Prophet to the true faith, except the boar and the buffalo, which remained unbelievers. It is on these accounts, that both these animals are often called Christians. See Burckhardt, p. 135.

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Chariots—See 2 Kings ii. 12. And Elisha saw it, and he cried, "My father, my father, the chariots of Israel, and the horsemen thereof"—

Page lxxi.

Myrtle wood—See Zechariah i. 8. Ezekiel i. 3, 15. Malachi ii. 3, 24. Concerning the person called "the Angel of God's Presence." See the Note on Isaiah lxii. 9.

Maccabee—The mention of this book (Maccabee) recalls to my mind 'the voice from Chalfont's Sheltering Bower.'

When that day of death shall come
Then shall nightly shades prevaile:
Soon shall love and music faile,
Soon the fresh turfe's tender blade
Shall flourish on my sleeping shade.

These lines are Milton's. The passage that suggested them, 1 Maccabee xiv. 16. They were written on the margin of his bible, which he took with him on his travels.

Page lxxii.

Who sunlike—See Habbakuk iii. 3. 'God came from Teman, and the Holy One from Mount Paran.' See Wither's Hymns and Songs of the Church, p. 136. Song xxxi.

God Almighty he came down,
Down he came from Theman-ward;
And the matchless Holy One,
From Mount Paran forth appear'd.

The first of these is the fact that the
the second is the fact that the
the third is the fact that the
the fourth is the fact that the
the fifth is the fact that the

The sixth is the fact that the
the seventh is the fact that the
the eighth is the fact that the
the ninth is the fact that the
the tenth is the fact that the

The eleventh is the fact that the
the twelfth is the fact that the
the thirteenth is the fact that the
the fourteenth is the fact that the
the fifteenth is the fact that the

The sixteenth is the fact that the
the seventeenth is the fact that the
the eighteenth is the fact that the
the nineteenth is the fact that the
the twentieth is the fact that the

P O E M S.



FROM
THE ZODIAKE OF LIFE.

WRITTEN BY THE GODLY AND ZEALOUS POET,
MARCELLUS PALINGENIUS,

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH

BY
BARNABE GOOGE.

1565.

PART OF THE 12th. BOOK.

Most glorious God, Almighty King,
Thou parent chief of name,
Whose wisdom great, this wondrous world
Of nothing first did frame,
And governs it, and evermore
Preserves it day by day;
The spring and end of all that be,
To whom all things obey,

Than whom more great, more good, or fair,
 Is nothing, nor more high ;
 That, blessed, liv'st for evermore
 Above the starry sky :
 O Lord, thy holy sprite vouchsafe
 Into my heart to send,
 Oh ! favor give, and grant me grace
 To touch the appointed end.
 Wherewith inspir'd I may behold
 The secrets of thy reign,
 And others teach, and with my verse
 Immortal honour gain.
 A sort there are that do suppose
 The ends of every thing
 Above the heavens to consist,
 And farther not to spring ;
 So that beyond them nothing is,
 And that above the skies,
 Hath nature never power to climb,
 But there amazed lies.
 Which unto me appeareth false,
 As reason doth me teach ;
 For if the end of all be there,
 Where skies no farther reach,
 Why hath not God created more ?
 Because he had not skill,
 How more to make ; his cunning stay'd
 And broken was his will ?

Or was it 'cause he had not pow'r?
 But truth both these denies;
 For pow'r of God hath never end,
 Nor bound his knowledge ties,
 No kind of thing may God conclude,
 Nor limits him assign,
 Nor proper force doth once restrain
 The Majesty divine.
 Great things I tell, and reason great
 Shall also this defend,
 If any thing the pow'r of God
 May end or comprehend,
 Then is the thing more strong than God;
 For what thing can be found
 That if it have not greater force,
 Another thing can bound?
 But nothing passeth God in pow'r,
 Nor stronger is than he;
 Therefore he neither can nor will
 With limits compast be.

FROM
THE PARADISE OF DAINTY DEVICES.

1576.

For Christmas Day.

BY
FRANCIS KINNELMERSH.

Rejoice, rejoice with heart and voice,
In Christe's birth this day rejoice.

FROM virgin's womb this day did spring
The precious seed that only saved man :
This day let man rejoice and sweetly sing,
Since on this day salvation first began.
This day did Christ man's soul from death remove,
With glorious saints to dwell in heaven above.

This day to man came pledge of perfect peace,
This day to man came love and unity ;
This day man's grief began for to surcease,
This day did man receive a remedy,
For each offence and every deadly sin,
With guilty heart, that erst he wander'd in.

In Christe's flock let love be surely placed,
 From Christe's flock let concord hate expel:
 Of Christe's flock let love be so embraced,
 As we in Christ, and Christ in us may dwell.
 Christ is the author of our unity,
 From whence proceedeth all felicity.

O sing unto this glittering glorious King,
 O praise his name let every living thing:
 Let heart and voice, like bells of silver, ring
 The comfort that this day to man did bring.
 Let lute, let shalme, with sound of sweet delight,
 The joy of Christe's birth this day recite.

FROM THE SAME.

Of the Instabilitie of Youth.

BY

THOMAS LORD VAUX.

WHEN I look back, and in myself behold
 The wand'ring wayes, that youth could not descry;
 And mark the fearful course that youth did hold,
 And mette in mind each step youth strayed awry;
 My knees I bowe, and from my heart I call,
 O Lord, forget these faults and follies all.

For now I see, how void youth is of skill,
 I see also his prime time and his end:
 I do confess my faults and all my ill,
 And sorrowe sore, for that I did offend.
 And with a mind repentant of all crimes,
 Pardon I ask for youth, ten thousand times.

The humble heart hath daunted the proud mind;
 Eke wisdom hath given ignorance a fall;
 And wit hath taught, that folly could not find,
 And age hath youth her subject and her thrall.
 Therefore I pray, O Lorde of life and truth,
 Pardon the faults committed in my youth.

Thou that didst grant the wise king his request :
 Thou that in whale thy prophet didst preserve :
 Thou that forgav'st the wounding of thy brest :
 Thou that didst save the thief in state to sterve :
 Thou only God, the giver of all grace :
 Wipe out of mind the path of youth's vaine race.

Thou that, by power, to life didst raise the dead :
 Thou that of grace restor'st the blind to sight :
 Thou that for love, thy life and love out-bled :
 Thou that of favour mad'st the lame goe right :
 Thou that canst heale, and help in all assayes,
 Forgive the guilt, that grew in youth's vain wayes.

And now since I, with faith and doubtlesse mind,
 Do fly to thee by prayer, to appease thy ire :
 And since that thee I only seek to find,
 And hope by faith, to attain my just desire ;
 Lorde, minde no more youth's error and unskill,
 And able age to do thy holy will.

FROM THE SAME.

For Easter-Day.

BY

JASPER HEYWOOD.

ALL mortal men this day rejoice
 In Christ, that you redeemed hath :
 By death, with death : sing we with voice,
 To him that hath appeas'd God's wrath
 Due unto man for sinful path,
 Wherein before he went astray :
 Give thanks to him with perfect faith,
 That for mankind hath made this glorious day.

This day he rose from tomb again,
 Wherein his precious corse was laid :
 Whom cruelly the Jews had slain,
 With bloody wounds full ill array'd.
 O man be now no more dismay'd,
 If thou henceforth from sin do stay ;
 Of death thou need'st not be afraid,
 Christ conquer'd death for this his glorious day.

His death prevailed had no whit,
 As Paul the Apostle well doth write,
 Except he had uprisen yet,
 From death to life by God-like might,
 With most triumphant glittering light.
 This day his glory shined I say,
 And made us bright as sun this glorious day.

O man arise with Christ therefore,
 Since he from sin hath made thee free :
 Beware thou fall in sin no more,
 But rise as Christ did rise for thee.
 So may'st thou him in glory see,
 When he at day of doom shall say :
 “ Come thou my child and dwell with me ;”
 God grant us all to see that glorious day.

FROM
THE PSALMS OF DAVID.

TRANSLATED INTO VERSE

BY

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY,

Born 1554.—Died 1586.

AND FINISHED BY HIS SISTER

THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE.

PSALM i.

HE blessed is who neither loosely treads
The straying steps as wicked counsel leads,
Nor for bad mates in way of sinners waiteth,
Nor yet himself with idle scorners seateth,
But on God's law his whole delight doth bind,
Which night and day he calls to marking mind.

He shall be like a freshly planted tree,
To which sweet springs of water neighbours be:
Whose branches fail not timely fruit to nourish,
Nor wither'd leaf shall make it fail to flourish.
So all the things whereto that man doth bend
Shall prosper still with well succeeding end.

Such blessing shall not wicked wretches see,
 But like vile chaff with wind shall scatt'ed be ;
 For neither shall the men in sin delighted,
 Consist when they to highest doom are cited,
 Nor yet shall suff'ered be a place to take
 Where godly men do their assembly make.

For God doth know, and knowing doth approve
 The trade of them that just proceedings love :
 But they that sin in sinful breast do cherish,
 The way they go, shall be the way to perish.

PSALM lxxxvii.

FOUNDED upon the hills of holiness
 God's city stands : who more love beareth
 To gates of Sion high in lowliness,
 Than all the towns that Judah reareth.
 City of God, in God's decree,
 What noble things are said of thee !

I will, saith he, henceforth be numbered
 Egypt and Babel with my knowers ;
 That Palestine and Tyre, which combered
 The Fathers, with the after-goers,
 Shall join : see Æthiope from whence
 They born shall be, as born from hence.

Yea this, men shall of Sion signify :
 To him, and him it gave first breathing ;
 Which highest God shall highly dignify,
 Eternal stay to it bequeathing.
 Jehovah this account shall make,
 When he of his shall muster take.

That he, and he who ever named be,
 Shall be as borne in Sion named :
 In Sion shall my music framed be,
 Of lute and voice most sweetly framed :
 I will saith he to Sion bring
 Of my fresh fountains ev'ry spring.

PSALM xcvi.

O sing Jehovah, he hath wonders wrought,
 A song of praise that newness may commend :
 His hand, his holy arm alone have brought
 Conquest on all that durst with him contend.
 He that salvation doth th' elect attend,
 Long hid, at length hath set in open view :
 And now the unbelieving nations taught
 His heav'nly justice yielding each their due.

His bounty and his truth the motives were,
 Promis'd of yore to Jacob and his race,
 Which ev'ry margin of this earthly sphere
 Now sees performed in his saving grace.
 Then earth and all possessing earthly place,
 O sing, O shout, O triumph, O rejoice :
 Make lute a part with vocal music bear,
 And entertain this king with trumpet's noise.

Roar, sea, and all that trace the briny sands :
 Thou total globe and all that thee enjoy :
 You streamy rivers clap your swimming hands :
 You mountains echo each at other's joy,
 See on the Lord, this service you employ,
 Who comes of earth the crown and rule to take :
 And shall with upright justice, judge the lands,
 And equall laws among the dwellers make.

PART OF THE CXIX PSALM.

BY what correcting line

May a young man make straight his crooked way ?

By level of thy lore divine :

Sith then with such good cause

My heart thee seeks, O Lord, I seeking pray

Let me not wander from thy laws.

Thy speeches have I hid
 Close locked up in the casket of my heart;
 Fearing to do what they forbid.
 But this cannot suffice :
 Thou wisest Lord, who ever blessed art,
 Yet make me in thy statutes wise.

Then shall my lips declare
 The sacred laws that from thy mouth proceed,
 And teach all nations what they are :
 For what thou dost decree
 To my conceit far more delight doth breed,
 Than worlds of wealth, if worlds might be.

Thy precepts therefore, I
 Will my continual meditation make,
 And to thy paths will have good eye.
 The orders by thee set
 Shall cause me in them greatest pleasure take,
 Nor once will I thy words forget.

FROM
THE WORKS OF
GEORGE GASCOIGNE, Esq.

1587.

GASCOIGNE'S GOOD MORROW.

You that have spent the silent night
In sleep and quiet rest,
And joy to see the cheerful light
That riseth in the east,
Now clear your voice, now cheer your heart,
Come help me now to sing ;
Each willing wight come bear a part,
To praise the heav'nly King.

And you whom care in prison keeps,
Or sickness doth suppress ;
Or secret sorrow breaks your sleeps,
Or dolours do distress ;
Yet a bear a part in doleful wise,
Yea, think it good accord,
And acceptable sacrifice
Each sprite to praise the Lord.

The dreadful night with darksomeness,
 Had overspread the light ;
 And sluggish sleep, with drowsiness,
 Had overprest our might ;
 A glass, wherein you may behold
 Each storm that stops our breath ;
 Our bed, the grave, our clothes like mould,
 And sleep, the dreadful death.

Yet as this deadly night did last
 But for a little space,
 And heav'nly day, now night is past,
 Doth shew his pleasant face ;
 So must we hope to see God's face
 At last in heaven on high,
 When we have changed this mortal place
 For immortality.

And of such haps and heav'nly joys,
 As then we hope to hold,
 All earthly sights and worldly toys,
 Are tokens to behold ;
 The day, is like the day of doom ;
 The sun, the Son of Man ;
 The sky, the heavens ; the earth, the tomb
 Wherein we rest till then.

The rainbow, bending in the sky,
 Bedeck'd with sundry hues,
 Is like the seat of God on high ;
 And seems to tell these news :
 That, as thereby he promised,
 To drown the world no more;
 So by the blood which Christ hath shed,
 He will our health restore.

The misty clouds that fall sometime
 And overcast the skies,
 Are like to troubles of our time,
 Which do but dim our eyes ;
 But as such dews are dried up quite
 When Phœbus shews his face,
 So are such fancies put to flight
 Where God doth guide by grace.

The carrion crow, that loathsome beast,
 Which cries against the rain,
 Both for her hue and for the rest
 The devil resembleth plain :
 And as with guns we kill the crow
 For spoiling our relief,
 The devil so must we o'erthrow
 With gun-shot of belief.

The little birds which sing so sweet,
 Are like the angel's voice ;
 Which render God his praises meet,
 And teach us to rejoice :
 And as they more esteem that mirth,
 Than dread the night's annoy,
 So much we deem our days on earth
 But hell to heav'nly joy.

Unto which joys for to attain
 God grant us all his grace ;
 And send us after worldly pain,
 In heaven to have a place ;
 Where we may still enjoy that light,
 Which never shall decay ;
 Lord, for thy mercy lend us might
 To see that joyful day.

GASCOIGNE'S DE PROFUNDIS.

FROM depths of dole wherein my soul doth dwell,
 From heavy heart which harbours in my breast,
 From troubled sprite which seldom taketh rest,
 From hope of heaven, from dread of darksome hell,
 O gracious God, to thee I cry and yell.
 My God, my Lord, my lovely Lord alone,
 To thee I call, to thee I make my moan;
 And thou, (good God,) vouchsafe in gree¹ to take
 This woeful plaint,
 Wherein I faint,
 Oh hear me then for thy great mercy's sake.

Oh bend thine ears attentively to hear
 Oh turn thine eyes, behold me now I wail,
 Oh hearken Lord, give ear for mine avail
 Oh mark in mind the burthens that I bear,
 See how I sink in sorrows every where,
 Behold and see what dolours I endure,
 Give ear and mark what complaints I put in ure,²
 Bend willing ear, and pity therewithal,
 By railing voice
 Which hath no choice,
 But evermore upon thy name to call.

1. Grec, agreement, favor.

2. Ure, practice.

If thou, (good Lord,) shouldst take thy rod in hand,
 If thou regard what sins are daily done,
 If thou take hold where we our works begun,
 If thou decree in judgment for to stand,
 And be extreme to see our senses scan'd,
 If thou take note of every thing amiss,
 And write in rolls how frail our nature is,
 O glorious God, O King O Prince of power,
 What mortal wight,
 May then have light
 To feel thy frown if thou have list to lower.

But thou art good and hast of mercy store,
 Thou not delight'st to see a sinner fall;
 Thou heark'nest first before we come to call;
 Thine ears are set wide open evermore;
 Before we knock thou comest to the door;
 Thou art more prest to hear a sinner cry,
 Than he is quick to climb to thee on high.
 Thy mighty name be praised, then, always;
 Let faith and fear,
 True witness bear,
 How fast they stand which on thy mercy stay.

I look for thee, my lovely Lord, therefore,
 For thee I wait, for thee I tarry still;
 Mine eyes do long to gaze on thee my fill;
 For thee I watch, for thee I pry and pore:

My soul for thee attendeth evermore,
 My soul doth thirst to take of thee a taste,
 My soul desires with thee for to be plac'd ;
 And to thy word which can no man deceive,
 Mine only trust,
 My love and lust,
 In confidence continually shall cleave.

Before the break or dawning of the day,
 Before the light be seen in lofty skies,
 Before the sun appear in pleasant wise,
 Before the watch, (before the watch, I say,)
 Before the ward that waits therefore alway ;
 My soul, my sense, my secret thought, my sprite,
 My will, my wish, my joy, and my delight,
 Unto the Lord, that sits in heav'n on high,
 With hasty wing,
 From me doth fling,
 And striveth still unto the Lord to fly.

Oh Israel, O household of the Lord,
 Oh Abraham's sons, O brood of blessed seed,
 O chosen sheep that love the Lord indeed,
 O hungry hearts feed still upon his word,
 And put your trust in him, with one accord ;
 For he hath mercy evermore at hand,
 His fountains flow, his springs do never stand,

And plenteously he loveth to redeem
 Such sinners all,
 As on him call,
 And faithfully his mercies most esteem.

He will redeem our deadly drooping state,
 He will bring home the sheep that go astray,
 He will help them that hope in him alway,
 He will appease our discord and debate,
 He will soon save, though we repent us late,
 He will be ours if we continue his,
 He will bring bale¹ to joy and perfect bliss,
 He will redeem the flock of his elect
 From all that is
 Or was amiss,
 Since Abraham's heirs did first his laws reject.

1. Bale, sorrow.

FROM
THE WORKS OF
EDWARD SPENSER.

—
1553.—1598.
—

PART OF
AN HYMN OF HEAVENLY LOVE.

O blessed well of love! O flower of grace!
O glorious morning-star! O lamp of light!
Most lively image of the father's face,
Eternal king of glory, Lord of might,
Meek lamb of God, before all worlds behight¹,
How can we thee requite for all this good?
Or who can prize that thy most precious blood?

Yet nought thou ask'st in lieu of all this love,
But love of us, for guerdon of thy pain:
Aye me! what can us less than that behove?
Had he required life for us again,
Had it been wrong to ask his own with gain?
He gave us life, he it restored lost;
Then life were least, that us so little cost.

1. Behight, promised.

But he our life hath left unto us free,
 Free that was thrall, and blessed that was band;
 He nought demands, but that we loving be,
 As he himself hath lov'd us afore-hand,
 And bound thereto with an eternal band;
 Him first to love, that was so dearly bought,
 And next, our brethren to his image wrought.

Him first to love, great right and reason, is,
 Who first to us our life and being gave;
 And after, when we fared had amiss,
 Us wretches from the second death did save:
 Even he, himself, in his dear sacrament,
 To feed our hungry souls, unto us lent.

Then next, to love our brethren, that were made
 Of that self mould, and that self Maker's kind,
 As we; and to the same again shall fade,
 Where they shall have like heritage of land,
 However here on higher steps we stand;
 Which also were with self-same price redeemed,
 As we; however of us light esteemed.

And were they not? yet sith that loving Lord
 Commanded us to love them for his sake,
 Ev'n for his sake, and for his sacred word,
 Which in his last bequest he to us spake:

We should them love, and with their needs partake ;
 Knowing, that whatsoe'er to them we give,
 We give to him, by whom we all do live.

Then rouse thyself, O earth, out of thy soil,
 In which thou wallow'st like to filthy swine,
 And dost thy mind in dirty pleasures moyl,
 Unmindful of that dearest Lord of thine ;
 Lift up to him thy heavy-clouded eyne,
 That thou this sovereign beauty may'st behold,
 And read thro' love his mercies manifold.

With all thy heart, with all thy soul, and mind,
 Thou must him love, and his behests embrace :
 All other loves, with which the world doth blind
 Weak fancies, and stir up affections base,
 Thou must renounce, and utterly displace ;
 And give thyself unto him full and free,
 That full and freely gave himself for thee.

Then shalt thou feel thy spirit so possest,
 And ravish'st with devouring great desire
 Of his dear self, that shall thy feeble breast
 In flame with love, and set thee all on fire
 With burning zeal, through every part entire ;
 That in no earthly thing thou shalt delight,
 But in his sweet and amiable sight.

'Thenceforth all world's desire will in thee die,
 And all earth's glory, on which men do gaze,
 Seem dirt and dross in thy pure-sighted eye;
 Compar'd to that celestial beauty's blaze,
 Whose glorious beams all fleshly sense doth daze¹
 With admiration of their passing light,
 Blinding the eyes, and lumining the sprite.

Then shall thy ravisht soul inspired be
 With heavenly thoughts, far above human skill;
 And thy bright radiant eyes shall plainly see
 Th' idee of his pure glory, present still
 Before thy face, that all thy spirits shall fill
 With sweet enragement of celestial love,
 Kindled through sight of those fair things above.

1. Daze, dazzle.

FROM

R. SOUTHWELL'S WORKS.

 1560.—1595.

 MARY MAGDALEN'S COMPLAINT
 AT CHRIST'S DEATH.

SITH my life from life is parted,
 Death, come take thy portion :
 Who survives when life is murdered,
 Lives by mere extortion.
 All that live and not in God,
 Couch their life in death's abode.

Silly starres must needs leave shining,
 When the sun is shadowed :
 Borrowed streams refraine their running,
 When head-springs are hindered.
 One that lives by other's breath,
 Dyeth also by his death

O true life, since thou hast left me,
 Mortall life is tedious,
 Death it is to live without thee,
 Death of all most odious.
 Turne againe, or take me to thee,
 Let me die, or live thou in me.

Where the truth once was and is not,
 Shadowes are but vanitie;
 Shewing want, that help they cannot,
 Signes, not salve of misery.
 Painted meat no hunger feeds,
 Dying life each death exceeds.

With my love my life was nestled
 In the summe of happinesse:
 From my love my life is wrested
 To a world of heavinesse.
 O, let love my life remove,
 Sith I live not where I love.

O my soul what did unloose thee
 From the sweet captivity?
 God, not I, did still possesse thee;
 His, not mine thy liberty.
 O too happy thrall thou wert,
 When thy prison was his heart.

Spitefull speare that break'st his prison,
 Seat of all felicity,
 Working this with double treason,
 Love's and life's delivery.
 Though my life thou draw'st away,
 Maugre thee, my love shall stay.

LOSSE IN DELAYES.

SHUN delayes, they breed remorse,
 Take thy time while time doth serve thee,
 Creeping snayles have weakest force,
 Flie their fault, lest thou repent thee.

Good is best when soonest wrought,
 Ling'ring labours come to nought.

Hoyse up sayle while gale doth last,
 Tide and winde stay no man's pleasure;
 Seek not time when time is past,
 Sober speede is wisdom's leasure.

After-wits are dearely bought,
 Let thy fore-wit guide thy thought.

Time weares all his locks before,
 Take thou hold upon his forehead;
 When he flies, he turnes no more,
 And behind his scalpe is naked.

Workes adjourn'd have many staves,
 Long demurres breed new delayes.

Seeke thy salve while sore is greene,
 Festered wounds aske deeper launcing;
 After-cures are seldome seene,
 Often sought, scarce ever chancing.

Time and place gives best advice.
 Out of season, out of price.

Crush the serpent in the head,
 Breake ill eggs ere they be hatched:
 Kill bad chickens in the tread;
 Fledg'd, they hardly can be caught:
 In the rising stifle ill,
 Lest it grow against thy will.

Drops do pierce the stubborn flint,
 Not by force, but often falling;
 Custome kills with feeble dint,
 More by use than strength pervailing:
 Single sands have little weight,
 Many make a drowning freight.

Tender twigs are bent with ease,
 Aged trees do breake with bending;
 Young desires make little prease¹,
 Growth doth make them past amending.
 Happie man that soon doth knocke,
 Babels' babes against the rocke.

¹ Prease, press.

MAN TO THE WOUND IN CHRIST'S SIDE.

O pleasant sport, O place of rest,
 O royal rift, O worthy wound !
 Come harbour me, a weary guest,
 That in the world no ease have found.
 I lie lamenting at thy gate,
 Yet dare I not adventure in :
 I beare with me a troublous mate,
 And combred am with heape of sinne.
 Discharge me of this heavy load,
 That easier passage I may find,
 Within this bowre to make abode,
 And in this glorious tomb be shrin'd.
 Here must I live, here must I die,
 Here would I utter all my grieve :
 Here would I all those paines descrie,
 Which here did meet for my reliefe.
 Here would I view that bloody sore,

Which dint of spitefull speare did breede,
 The bloody wounds laid there in store,
 Would force a stony heart to bleede.
 Here is the spring of trickling teares,
 The mirrour of all mourning wights,
 With dolefull tunes for dumpish eares,
 And solemn shews for sorrowed sights,
 O happy soule that flies so hie,
 As to attain this sacred cave;
 Lord send me wings that I may fly,
 And in this harbour quiet have.

FROM
THE WORKS OF
WILLIAM DRUMMOND,
OF
HAWTHORNDEN.

1585.—1649.

Divine Poems.

DEDICATION OF A CHURCH.

JERUSALEM, that place divine,
The vision of sweet peace is nam'd,
In heaven her glorious turrets shine,
Her walls of living stones are fram'd,
While angels guard her on each side
Fit company for such a bride.

She deck'd in new attire from heaven,
Her wedding-chamber, now descends,
Prepar'd in marriage to be given
To Christ on whom her joy depends.
Her walls wherewith she is enclosed,
And streets are of pure gold composed.

The gates adorn'd with pearls most bright
 The way to hidden glory show ;
 And thither by the blessed might
 Of faith in Jesus' merits go,
 All those who are on earth distress
 Because they have Christ's name profest.

These stones the workmen dress and beat
 Before they throughly polished are ;
 Then each is in his proper seat,
 Established by the builder's care.
 In this fair frame to stand for ever,
 So join'd that them no force can sever.

To God who sits in highest seat,
 Glory and power given be,
 To Father, Son, and Paraclete,
 Who reign in equal dignity ;
 Whose boundless power we still adore,
 And sing their praise for ever-more.

HYMN FOR WHIT-SUNDAY.

CREATOR, Holy Ghost, descend,
 Visit our minds with thy bright flame,
 And thy celestial grace extend
 To fill the hearts which thou didst frame :

Who Paraclete are said to be,
 Gift which the highest God bestows,
 Fountain of life, fire, charity,
 Ointment whence ghostly blessing flows.

Thy seven-fold grace thou down dost send,
 Of God's right hand thou finger art,
 Thou by the Father promised,
 Unto our mouths doth speech impart.

In our dull senses kindle light :
 Infuse thy love into our hearts,
 Reforming with perpetual light
 Th' infirmities of fleshly parts.

Far from our dwelling drive our foe,
 And quickly peace unto us bring,
 Be thou our guide before to go,
 That we may shun each hurtful thing.

Be pleased to instruct our mind,
 To know the Father and the Son,
 The Spirit who them both doth bind,
 Let us believe while ages run.

To God the Father, glory great,
 And to the Son, who from the dead
 Arose, and to the Paraclete,
 Beyond all time imagined.

FROM
 THE POEMS
 OF
 SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

Born 1552.—Died 1618.

HIS PILGRIMAGE.

GIVE me my scallop-shell of quiet,
 My staff of faith to walk upon ;
 My scrip of joy, immortal diet,
 My bottle of salvation ;
 My crown of glory, (hope's true gage)
 And thus I'll take my pilgrimage.
 Blood must be my body's only balmer,
 Whilst my soul like a quiet palmer,
 Travelleth towards the land of heaven :
 No other balm will there be given.
 Over the silver mountains,
 Where spring the nectar fountains,
 There will I kiss
 The bowl of bliss,
 And drink mine everlasting fill
 Upon every milken hill.

My soul will be a-dry before,
But after it will thirst no more.

I'll take them first,
To quench my thirst,
And taste of nectar's suckets,
At those clear wells
Where sweetness dwells,
Drawn up by saints in crystal buckets.
Then by that happy blissful day,
More peaceful pilgrims I shall see,
That have cast off their rags of clay,
And walk apparell'd fresh like me ;
And when our bodies and all we,
Are filled with immortality,
Then the blessed parts we'll travel
Strew'd with rubies thick as gravel ;
Ceilings of diamonds, sapphire flowers,
High walls of coral, and pearly bowers.
From thence to heaven's bribeless hall,
Where no corrupted voices brawl,
No conscience molten into gold,
No forg'd accuser bought or sold.
May I be ready, like a palmer fit,
To tread those blessed paths which erst I writ !
Of death and judgment, heaven and hell,
Who oft doth think, must needs die well !

HYMN.

RISE, oh my soul, with thy desires to heaven,
And with divinest contemplation, use
Thy time, where time's eternity is given,
And let vain thoughts no more thy thoughts abuse ;
But down in darkness let them lie :
So live thy better, let thy worse thoughts die !

And thou, my soul, inspir'd with holy flame,
View and review with most regardful eye
That holy cross, whence thy salvation came,
On which thy Saviour and thy sin did die !
For in that sacred object is much pleasure,
And in that Saviour is my life, my treasure.

To thee, O Jesu ! I direct my eye,
To thee my hands, to thee my humble knees ;
To thee my heart shall offer sacrifice,
To thee my thoughts, who my thoughts only sees ;
To thee myself, myself and all I give ;
To thee I die, to thee I only live !

FROM
 H Y M N S A N D S O N G S
 Of the Church,
 BY
 GEORGE WITHER.

1588—1677.

THE LAMENTATION OF DAVID
 OVER SAUL AND JONATHAN HIS SON.

2 SAM. i. 17.

THEY beauty, Israel, is gone ;
 Slain in the places high is he ;
 The mighty now are overthrown ;
 O thus how cometh it to be !
 Let not this news their streets throughout,
 In Gath or Askalon, be told ;
 For far Philistia's daughters flout,
 Lest vaunt the uncircumcised should.

On you, hereafter, let no dew,
 You mountains of Gilboa fall :
 Let there be neither showers on you,
 Nor fields that breed an offering shall.
 For there with shame away was thrown
 The target of the strong (alas!)
 The shield of Saul, e'en as of one,
 That ne'er with oil anointed was.

Nor from their blood that slaughter'd lay,
 Nor from the fat of strong men slain,
 Cast Jonathan his bow away,
 Nor drew forth Saul his sword in vain.
 In lifetime they were lovely fair,
 In death they undivided are.
 More swift than eagles of the air,
 And stronger they than lions were.

Weep, Israel's daughters, weep for Saul,
 Who you with scarlet hath array'd ;
 Who clothed you with pleasures all,
 And on your garments gold hath laid.
 How comes it he that mighty was,
 The foil in battle doth sustain !
 Thou Jonathan, oh thou (alas !)
 Upon thy places high wert slain !

And much distressed is my heart,
 My brother Jonathan, for thee ;
 My very dear delight thou wert,
 And wondrous was thy love to me ;
 So wondrous it surpassed far
 The love of women, (every way.)
 Oh ! how the mighty fallen are !
 How warlike instruments decay !

THE THIRD CANTICLE.

FROM THE SECOND CHAPTER OFSOLOMON'S SONG.

I hear my love, and him I see
Come leaping by the mountains there ;
Lo, o'er the hillocks trippeth he,
And roe or stag-like doth appear.
Lo, from behind the wall he pries ;
Now at the window-grate is he :
Now speaks my dear, and says, arise,
My love, my fair, and come with me !

Lo, winter's past, and come the spring,
The rain is gone, the weather's clear ;
The season wooes the birds to sing,
And on the earth the flowers appear ;
The turtle cooeth in our field,
Young figs the fig-tree down doth weigh,
The blossomed vines a savour yield ;
Rise, love, my fair, and come away.

My dove, that art obscured where
The rock's dark stairs do thee infold ;
Thy voice (thy sweet voice) let me hear,
And thee, that lovely sight behold.
Those foxes' cubs, the vines that mar,
Go take us while the grapes be young.
My love's am I, and mine's my dear,
Who feeds the lily flowers among.

THE LAMENTATIONS OF JEREMIAH.

LAMENTATION iv.

How dim the gold doth now appear!
(That gold which once so brightly shone :)
About the city, here and there,
The sanctuary stones are thrown.
The sons of Sion, late compar'd
To gold (the richest in esteem)
Like potsheards are, without regard,
And base as earthen vessels seem.

The monsters of the sea have care
The breasts unto their young to give ;
But crueller my people are ;
And estridge-like, in deserts live
With thirst the sucklings tongues are dry,
And to their parched roofs they cleave :
For bread young children also cry,
But none at all they can receive.

Those that were us'd to dainty fare,
Now in the streets half-starved lie :
And they that once did scarlet wear,
Now dunghill rags about them tie.

Yea, greater plagues my people's crime
 Hath brought on them, than Sodom's were :
 For that was sunk in little time,
 And no prolonged death was there.

Such, therefore, as the sword hath slain,
 Are far in better case than those,
 Who death for want of food sustain,
 Whilst in the fruitful field it grows,
 For when my people were distress'd,
 Ev'n women (that should pity take)
 With their own hands their children dress'd,
 That so their hunger they might slake.

The Lord accomplish'd hath his wrath ;
 His fierce displeasure forth is pour'd ;
 A fire on Sion set he hath,
 Which ev'n her ground-work hath devour'd ;
 When there was neither earthly king,
 Nor, through the whole world, one of all
 Thoughts my foe to pass could bring,
 That thus Jerusalem should fall.

But this hath happen'd for the guilt
 Of those that have her prophets been ;
 And those, her wicked priests, that spilt
 The blood of innocents therein.

Alon the streets they stumbling went,
 (The blindness of these men was such)
 And so with blood they were besprent,
 That no man would their garments touch.

Our persecutors follow on,
 As swift as eagles of the sky ;
 They o'er the mountains make us run,
 And in the deserts for us lye :
 Yea they have Christ (our life) betrayed,
 And caus'd him in their pits to fall :
 E'en him beneath whose shade, we said,
 We live among the heathen shall.

O Edom ! in the land of Huz
 (Though yet o'er us triùmph thou may)
 Thou shalt receive this cup from us,
 Be drunk and hurl thy clothes away ;
 For when thy punishments for sins
 Accomplished, oh Sion, be,
 To visit Edom he begins,
 And publick make her shame will he.

THE PRAYER OF HABAKUK.

HABAK. iii.

LORD, thy answer I did hear,
And I grew therewith afeard;
When the times at fullest are,
Let thy work be then declar'd:
When the time, Lord, full doth grow
Then in anger mercy show.

God Almighty he came down;
Down he came from Theman-ward;
And the matchless Holy One,
From Mount Paran forth appear'd
Heav'n o'erspreading with his rays,
And earth with filling with his praise

Sun-like was his glorious light;
From his side there did appear
Beaming rays that shined bright;
And his power he shrouded there.
Plagues before his face he sent;
At his feet hot coals there went.

Where he stood he measure took
 Of the earth, and view'd it well ;
 Nations vanish'd at his look ;
 Ancient hills to powder fell :
 Mountains old cast lower were,
 For his ways eternal are.

Cushan tents I saw diseas'd,
 And the Midian curtains quake.
 Have the floods, Lord, thee displeas'd ?
 Did the floods thee angry make ?
 Was it else the sea that hath
 Thus provoked thee to wrath ?

For thou rod'st thy horses there,
 And thy saving chariots through :
 Thou didst make thy bow appear,
 And thou didst perform thy vow :
 Yea thine oath and promise past
 (To the tribes) fulfilled hast.

Through the earth thou rifts didst make,
 And the rivers there did flow :
 Mountains seeing thee did shake,
 And away the floods did go :
 From the deep a voice was heard,
 And his hands on high he rear'd.

Both the sun and moon made stay,
 And remov'd not in their spheres :
 By thine arrows light went they,
 By thy brightly shining spears.
 Thou in wrath the land didst crush,
 And in rage the nations thresh.

Through the sea thou mad'st a way,
 And didst ride thy horses there,
 Where great heaps of water lay :
 I the news thereof did hear,
 And the voice my bowels shook ;
 Yea, my lips a quivering took.

Bloomless shall the fig-tree be,
 And the vine no fruit shall yield ;
 Fade then shall the olive-tree ;
 Meat shall none be in the field ;
 Neither in the fold or stall,
 Flock or herd continue shall.

Yet the Lord my joy shall be,
 And in him I will delight ;
 In my God that saveth me,
 God the Lord, my only might :
 Who my feet so guides, that I,
 Hind-like, pace the places high.

HYMN
ON
St. John Baptist's Day.

BECAUSE the world might not pretend
It knew not of thy coming day,
Thou didst, oh Christ, before thee send
A cryer to prepare thy way :
Thy kingdom was the bliss he brought,
Repentance was the way he taught.

And that his voice might not alone
Inform us what we should believe,
His life declar'd what must be done,
If thee we purpose to receive :
His life our pattern therefore make,
That we the course he took may take.

Let us not gad to pleasure's court,
With fruitless toys to feed the mind ;
Nor to that wilderness resort,
Where reeds are shaken with the wind :
But tread the path he trod before,
That both a prophet was and more.

Clad in repentant cloth of hair,
Let us, oh Christ, (to seek out thee)
To those forsaken walls repair,
Which of so few frequented be;
And true repentance so intend,
That we our courses may amend.

Let us hereafter feed upon
The honey of the word divine;
Let us the world's enticement shun,
Her drugs and her bewitching wine;
And on our loins (so loose that are)
The leathern-belt of temperance wear.

Thus from the cryer, let us learn,
For thee, sweet Jesus, to prepare,
And others of their sins to warn,
However for the same we fare:
So thou to us, and we to thee,
Shall when thou comest welcome be.

HYMN

FOR

Rogation Week.

It was thy pleasure, Lord, to say,
 That whatsoever in thy name
 We pray'd for as we ought to pray,
 Thou would'st vouchsafe to grant the same:
 O, therefore, we beseech thee now,
 To these our prayers which we make,
 Thy gracious ear in favour bow,
 And grant them for thy mercy's sake.

Let not the seasons of this year,
 As they their courses do observe,
 Engender those contagions here,
 Which our transgressions do deserve:
 Let not the summer worms impair
 Those blessings of the earth we see:
 Nor blastings, nor distemper'd air,
 Destroy those fruits that hopeful be.

Domestic brawls expel thou far,
 And be thou pleas'd our coast to guard:
 The dreadful sounds of in-brought war
 Within our confines be not heard:
 Continue also here thy word,
 And make us thankful, thee we pray;
 That sickness, famine, and the sword,
 Have been so long withheld away.

And, as we heedfully observe
 The certain limits of our grounds,
 And outward quiet to preserve,
 About them walk our yearly rounds;
 So let us also have a care,
 Our soul's possessions, Lord, to know,
 That no encroachments on us there
 Be gained by him our subtil foe.

What pleasant groves, what goodly fields!
 How fruitful hills and dales have we!
 How sweet an air our climate yields!
 How stor'd with flocks and herds are we!
 How milk and honey doth o'erflow!
 How clear and wholesome are our springs!
 How safe from ravenous beasts we go!
 And oh! how free from poisonous things!

For these, and for our grass, our corn;
 For all that springs from blade or bough;
 For all those blessings that adorn
 Or wood, or field, this kingdom through:
 For all of these, thy praise we sing,
 And humbly, Lord, entreat thee too,
 That fruit to thee we forth may bring,
 As unto us thy creatures do.

So in the sweet refreshing shade
 Of thy protection sitting down,
 Those gracious favours we have had,
 Relate we will to thy renown;
 Yea, other men, when we are gone,
 Shall for thy mercies honour thee,
 And famous make what thou hast done,
 To such as after them shall be.

THE AUTHOR'S HYMN.

GREAT Almighty, God of Heaven !

Honour, praise, and glory be

Now, and still hereafter given,

For thy blessings deigned to me :

Who hast granted and prepared

More than can be well declared.

By thy mercy thou didst raise me

From below the pits of clay ;

Thou hast taught my lips to praise thee,

Where thy love confess I may ;

And those blessed hopes dost leave me,

Whereof no man can bereave me.

By thy grace those passions, troubles,

And those wants that me oppress,

Have appeared as water-bubbles,

Or as dreams, and things in jest :

For thy leisure still attending,

I with pleasure saw their ending.

Those afflictions and those terrors,
 Which to others grim appear,
 Did but shew me where my errors
 And my imperfections were:
 But distrustful could not make me
 Of thy love, nor fright nor shake me.

When in public to defame me,
 A design was brought to pass,
 On their heads that meant to shame me,
 Their own malice turned was;
 And that day most grace was shown me,
 Which they thought should have undone me.

Therefore, as thy blessed Psalmist,
 When he saw his wars had end,
 And his days were at the calmest,
 Psalms and hymns of praises penn'd:
 So my rest, by thee enjoyed,
 To thy praise I have employed.

Yea, remembering what I vowed,
 When enclos'd from all but thee,
 I thy presence was allowed,
 While the world neglected me:
 This my muse hath took upon her,
 That she might advance mine honour.

Lord, accept my poor endeavour,
 And assist thy servant so,
 In good studies to persevere,
 That more fruitful he may grow ;
 And become thereby the meeker,
 Not his own vain glory seeker.

Oh, preserve me from committing
 Aught that's heinously amiss ;
 From all speeches him unfitting,
 That hath been employ'd on this :
 Yea, as much as may be deigned,
 Keep my very thoughts unstained.

And when I, with Israel's Singer,
 To these songs of faith shall learn
 Thy ten-stringed law to finger,
 And that music to discern ;
 Lift me to that Angel Quire,
 Whereunto thy saints aspire !

FROM
DONNE'S POEMS.

1631.

PSALM CXXXvii.

By Euphrates' flowry side
We did bide,
From dear Judah far absented,
Tearing the air with our cries,
And our eyes,
With their streams his stream augmented.

When poor Sion's doleful state.
Desolate:
Sacked, burned, and inthrall'd,
And the temple spoil'd, which we
Ne'er should see,
To our mirthless minds we call'd :

Our mute harps, untun'd, unstrung,
Up we hung,
On green willows near beside us,
Where, we sitting all forlorn,
Thus, in scorn,
Our proud spoilers 'gan deride us.

"Come, sad captives, leave your moans,
 And your groans
 Under Sion's ruins bury;
 Tune your harps, and sing us lays
 In the praise
 Of your God, and let's be merry."

Can, ah, can we leave our moans?
 And our groans,
 Under Sion's ruins bury?
 Can we in this land sing lays
 In the praise
 Of our God, and here be merry?

No; dear Sion, if I yet
 Do forget
 Thine affliction miserable,
 Let my nimble joints become
 Stiff and numb,
 To touch warbling harp unable.

Let my tongue lose singing skill,
 Let it still
 To my parched roof be glewed,
 If in either harp or voice
 I rejoice,
 Till thy joys shall be renewed.

Lord, curse Edom's trait'rous kind,
 Bear in mind
 In our ruins how they revell'd,
 "Sack, kill, burn," they cried out still,
 "Sack, burn, kill,
 "Down with all; let all be levell'd."

And thou Babel, when the tide
 Of thy pride
 Now a flowing, grows to turning;
 Victor now, shall then be thrall,
 And shall fall
 To as low an ebb of mourning.

Happy he who shall thee waste
 As thou hast
 Us, without all mercy wasted,
 And shall make thee taste and see
 What poor we
 By thy means have seen and tasted.

Happy, who thy tender barnes
 From the arms
 Of their wailing mothers tearing,
 'Gainst the walls shall dash their bones,
 Ruthless stones
 With their brains and blood besmearing.

FROM
 "THE LEARNED AND ELEGANT WORKS"
 OF
 FULKE GREVILLE, LORD BROOKE.

—
 1633.
 —

SONNET xciv.

MEN that delight to multiply desire,
 Like tellers are that take coin but to pay,
 Still tempted to be false with little hire,
 Black hands except, which they would have away.
 For where power wisely audits her estate,
 The Exchequer-men's best recompense is haste.

The little maid that weareth out the day,
 To gather flow'rs still covetous of more,
 At night when she with her desire would play,
 And let her pleasure wanton in her store,
 Discerns the first laid underneath the last,
 Wither'd, and so is all that we have past.

Fix then on good desire, and if you find
 Ambitious dreams, or fears of over-thwart;
 Changes, temptations, blooms of earthy mind,
 Wave not, since earthy change hath change of smart
 For lest man should think flesh a seat of bliss,
 God works that his joy mixt with sorrow is.

SONNET cix.

Sion lies waste, and thy Jerusalem,
 O Lord, is fall'n to utter desolation
 Against thy prophets, and thy holy men,
 The sin hath wrought a fatal combination,
 Prophan'd thy name, thy worship overthrown,
 And made thee, living Lord, a God unknown.

Thy powerful laws, thy wonders of creation,
 Thy word incarnate, glorious heaven, dark hell,
 Lie shadowed under man's degeneration
 Thy Christ still crucifi'd for doing well:
 Impiety, oh Lord sits on thy throne,
 Which makes thee, living light, a God unknown.

Man's superstition hath thy truths entomb'd,
 His atheism again her pomps defaceth,
 That sensual, insatiable, vast womb,
 Of thy seen church, thy unseen church disgraceth;
 There lives no truth with them that seem thine own,
 Which makes thee living Lord, a God unknown.

Yet unto thee Lord (mirroure of transgression)
 We, who for earthly idols, have forsaken
 Thy heavenly image, (sinless, pure impression)
 And so in nets of vanity lie taken,
 All desolate implore that to thine own,
 Lord, thou no longer live a God unknown.

Yet Lord let Israel's plagues not be eternal,
 Nor sin for ever cloud thy sacred mountains,
 Nor with false flames spiritual but infernal,
 Dry up thy mercy's ever springing fountains ;
 Rather, sweet Jesus, fill up time and come,
 To yield the sin her everlasting doom.

FROM
 THE TEMPLE,
 SACRED POEMS AND PRIVATE EJACULATIONS,
 BY
 Mr. GEORGE HERBERT.

 1633.

WHIT-SUNDAY.

LISTEN, sweet dove, unto my song,
 And spread thy golden wings on me ;
 Hatching my tender heart so long
 Till it get wing, and fly away with thee.

Where is that fire that once descended
 On thy apostles ? thou didst then
 Keep open house, richly attended,
 Feasting all comers by twelve chosen men.

Such glorious gifts thou didst bestow,
 That th' earth did like a heav'n appear :
 The stars were coming down to know
 If they might mend their wages, and serve here.

The sun, which once did shine alone,
 Hung down his head, and wisht for night,
 When he beheld twelve suns for one
 Going about the world, and giving light.

But since those pipes of gold, which brought
 That cordial water to our ground,
 Were cut and martyr'd by the fault [wound,
 Of those, who did themselves through their side

Thou shutt'st the door, and keep'st within ;
 Scarce a good joy creeps through the chink :
 And if the braves of conqu'ring sin
 Did not excite thee, we should wholly sink.

Lord though we change, thou art the same ;
 The same sweet God of love and light :
 Restore this day, for thy great name,
 Unto his ancient and miraculous right.

VERTUE. ---

SWEET day so cool, so calm, so bright,
 The bridal of the earth and sky ;
 The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
 For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue angry and brave,
 Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye :
 Thy root is ever in its grave,
 And thou must die.

Sweet Spring, full of sweet days and roses,
 A box where sweets compacted lie ;
 My music shews ye have your closes,
 And all must die.

Only a sweet and vertuous soul,
 Like season'd timber never gives ;
 But though the whole would turn to coal,
 Then chiefly lives.

THE QUIP.

THE merry World did on a day
 With his train-bands and mates agree
 To meet together, where I lay;
 And all in sport to jeer at me.

First Beauty crept into a rose;
 Which when I pluckt not, Sir, said she,
 Tell me, I pray, whose hands are those?
 But thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then Money came, and chinking still,
 What tune is this, poor man? said he:
 I heard in musick you had skill,
 But thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then came brave Glory puffing by
 In silks that whistled; who but he?
 He scarce allow'd me half an eye,
 But thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then came quick Wit and Conversation,
 And he would needs a comfort be,
 And, to be short, made an oration;
 But thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Yet when the hour of thy design
 'To answer these fine things shall come,
 Speak not at large; say, I am thine;
 And then they have their answer home.

THE ROSE.

PRESS me not to take more pleasure
 In this world of sugred lies,
 And to use a larger measure
 Than my strict yet welcome size.

First, there is no pleasure here :
 Colour'd griefs indeed there are,
 Blushing woes, that look as clear
 As if they could beauty spare.

Or if such deceits there be,
 Such delights, I meant to say ;
 There are no such things to me,
 Who have passèd my right way.

But I will not much oppose,
 Unto what you now advise :
 Only take this gentle rose,
 And therein my answer lies.

What is fairer than a rose ?
 What is sweeter ? Yet it purgeth.
 Purgings enmity disclose,
 Enmity forbearance urgeth.

If then all the worldling's prize
 Be contracted to a rose,
 Sweetly there indeed it lies,
 But it biteth in the close.

So this flow'r doth judge and sentence
 Worldly joyes to be a scourge:
 For they all produce repentance,
 And repentance is a purge.

But I health not physick chuse :
 Only though I you oppose,
 Say that fairly I refuse,
 For my answer is a Rose.

FROM

"CHRIST'S VICTORY."

BY

GILES FLETCHER.

 1610.

CHRIST is a path,—if any be misled ;
 He is a robe,—if any naked be ;
 If any chance to hunger,—he is bread ;
 If any be a bondman,—he is free ;
 If any be but weak,—how strong is he !
 To dead men, life he is ;—to sick men, health ;
 To blind men, sight ; and to the needy, wealth ;
 A pleasure without loss ;—a treasure without stealth.

Who can forget ? Never to be forgot,
 The time, that all the world in slumber lies ;
 When like the stars, the singing angels shot
 To earth ; and heav'n awaken'd all his eyes,
 To see another Sun, at midnight rise :
 On earth, was never sight of equal fame ;
 For God before, man like himself did frame ;
 But God himself now, like a mortal man became.

A child he was, and had not learnt to speak,
 Who with his word, the world before did make,
 His mother's arms him bore, he was so weak,
 Who with one hand the vaults of heav'n could
 shake :

See how small room my infant Lord doth take,
 Whom all the world is not enough to hold.
 Who of his years, or of his age hath told ?
 Never such age so young, never a child so old.

And yet but lately was this infant bred ;
 And yet already he was sought to die ;
 Yet scarcely born, already banished ;
 Not able yet to go, and forc'd to fly ;
 But scarcely fled away, when by and by,
 The tyrant's sword with blood is all defil'd
 And Rachel for her sons, with fury wild,
 Cries, O thou cruel king ! and O my sweetest child !

Egypt his nurse became, where Nilus springs ;
 Who straight to entertain the rising sun,
 The hasty harvest in his bosom brings :
 But now for drought the fields are all undone ;
 And now with waters all is overrun ;
 So fast the Cynthian mountains pour'd their snow,
 When once they felt the Sun so near them glow,
 That Nilus, Egypt lost, and to a sea did grow.

The angels caroll'd long their songs of peace ;
 The cursed oracles were all struck dumb ;
 To see their Shepherd, the poor shepherds press ;
 To see their King, the kingly Sophies come,
 And them to guide unto their master's home,
 A star comes dancing up the orient,
 And springs for joy over the strawy tent ;
 Where gold, to make their Prince a crown, they
 all present.

Young John, glad child, before he could be born,
 Leap'd in the womb, his joy to prophesy ;
 Old Anna, tho' with age all spent and worn,
 Proclaims her Saviour to posterity ;
 And Simeon fast his dying words doth ply ;
 Oh, how the blessed souls about him trace !
 It is the Sire of heav'n thou dost embrace,
 Sing, Simeon, sing ; sing, Simeon, sing apace !

FROM

‘CHRIST’S TRIUMPH.’

BY THE SAME.

SAY earth, why hast thou gotten new attire,
 And stick’st thy garment full of daisies red?
 As if to some high thought thou didst aspire,
 And some new found out bridegroom meant’st to
 wed;

Tell me ye trees so fresh apparelled,
 (Nor ever may the spiteful canker waste you;
 Nor ever may the heav’ns with lightning blast you,)
 Why go you now so neatly dress’d, or whither haste
 you?

Answer me Jordan, why thy crooked tide,
 So often wanders from his nearest way;
 As tho’ some other way thy stream would glide,
 And fain salute the place where something lay?
 And you sweet birds, screen’d from the heat of
 day,

Sit carolling and piping grief away,
 The while the lambs to hear you, dance and play;
 Tell me, sweet birds, what is it you so fain would say?

And thou fair spouse of earth, that every year,
 Get'st such a num'rous issue of thy bride,
 How com'st, thou hotter shin'st, and draw'st
 more near? [spy'd,
 Sure thou somewhere, some worthy sight hast
 That in one place for joy thou can't abide:
 And you dead swallows, that so swiftly now,
 Thro' the thin air your winged passage row,
 How could new life into your frozen bodies flow?

Ye primroses, and purple violets,
 Tell me why blaze ye from your leafy bed,
 And woo men's hands to pluck you from your sets,
 As thro' somewhere you would be carried,
 With fresh perfumes, and velvets garnished?
 But, ah! I need not ask, 'tis surely so,
 You all would to the Saviour's triumph go,
 These would ye all await, and humble homage do.

There should the earth herself with garlands new,
 And lovely flow'rs embellished adore;
 Such roses never in her garland grew:
 Such lilies never in her breast she wore;
 Like beauty never yet did shine before:
 There should the sun another Sun behold,
 From whence himself borrows his locks of gold,
 That kindle heav'n and earth, with beauties manifold.

There might the violet and primrose sweet,
 Beams of more lively and more lovely grace,
 Arising from their beds of incense, meet;
 There should the swallow see new life embrace
 Dead ashes; and the grave unveil his face,
 To let the living from his bowels creep,
 Unable longer his own dead to keep:
 There heav'n and earth should see their Lord awake
 from sleep.

“Lift up your heads ye everlasting gates,”
 “And let the Prince of glory enter in!”
 At whose high pæan amongst sideral states,
 The sun did blush, the stars all dim were seen,
 When springing first from earth, he did begin
 To soar on angel's wings.—“Then open hang”
 “Your crystal doors.”—So all the chorus sang
 Of heav'nly birds, as to the skies they nimbly sprang.

Hark! how the floods clap their applauding hands;
 The pleasant vallies singing for delight;
 And lofty mountains dance about the lands;
 The while the fields, struck with the heav'nly light,
 Set all their flow'rs a smiling at the sight;
 The trees laugh with their blossoms; and the sound
 Of the triumphant shouts of praise, that crown'd
 The Lamb of God! rising to heaven, hath passage
 found.

Forth sprang the ancient patriarchs, all in haste,
 To see the pow'rs of hell in triumph led,
 And with small stars a garland interlac'd
 Of olive leaves they bore, to crown his head,
 That was before with thorns so injured:
 After them flew the prophets, brightly stol'd
 In shining lawn, with foldings manifold;
 Striking their ivory harps, all strung with chords
 of gold.

To which the saints victorious carols sung;
 Ten thousand strike at once, that with the sound,
 The hollow vaults of heav'n for triumph rung:
 The Cherubims their music did confound
 With all the rest, and clapp'd their wings around:
 Down from their thrones the dominations flow,
 And at his feet their crowns and sceptres throw;
 And all the princely souls fell on their faces low.

Nor can the martyr's wounds stay them behind,
 But out they rush amongst the heav'nly crowd,
 Seeking their heav'n, out of their heav'n to find;
 Sounding their silver trumpets out so loud,
 That the shrill noise broke thro' the starry cloud:
 And all the virgin souls in white array,
 Came dancing forth, and making joyous play:
 So him they thus conduct unto the courts of day.

FROM
 THE MUSES' SACRIFICE,
 OR
 DIVINE MEDITATIONS.

BY
 JOHN DAVIES,
Of Hereford.

1612.

THE CAREFUL SOUL.

SITH on this moment of frail life depends
 Th' eternal weale or woe of human breed,
 And that no means can long defer their ends,
 Let tears still feed me, Lord, till worms I feed.

For tears for sin, doth sin, thro' grace, destroy ;
 (So kill their cause) whereon who feeds shall live,
 Where they that sow in tears, shall reap in joy ;
 Then let my tears me, dead in sin, revive.

They were thy food, O Christ, that could not sin ;
 And yet, for others' sin, still weep'tst ; then I
 That live a life that's quite o'erwhelm'd therein,
 Had need to weep till, drown'd in tears, I die.

Happy that soul that on a sea of tears
 Sails in Faith's ship, by Hope's securest Cape,
 Unto the Port of Peace ; and with her bears
 Good workes that make the worker wracke escape.

If in the way, a calm the course prolongs,
 It holds us but to grieve, resembling joy ;
 While pleasure, with her charming syren-songs,
 O'erwhelms us, in the end in deep annoy.

Twixt Scylla and Charybdis (joy and griefs)
 Frail life still floats ; and wrackes in either oft ;
 Which equally to death betrayeth life
 But low estate less sinks than that aloft.

Why should we then prize worldly things so much,
 Which have no good, but as they us respect ;
 And lightly weigh those treasures without which
 We have no goodnesse, but are mere defect ?

Honour and power, health, beauty, strength, and wit,
 Are but as smoake, that comes from troubled fire :
 The more it grows, the lesse continues it ;
 And comes to nought when it doth most aspire !

To be in princes' grace, which all desire,
 Procures but pride, which blinds our judgment's
 sight,

While like a seiled dove, we (Lord) aspire,
 Till sov'reign heat, at height, doth sink us quite.

Then 'tis in vain to trust in princes' grace,
 Which pleasure or their profit may procure ;
 And when these fail, they straight avert their face,
 But, Lord, thy grace is ever free as sure.

Then let me wholly on thy grace depend ;
 Yet so, as still I worke it to encrease ;
 So, it with me shall worke too, to the end ;
 And, at the end, with me, shall rest in peace ;
 To which, dear Lord, vouchsafe thy grace may go
 With my toil'd soul, that cannot rest but so.

FROM THE SAME.

Go, forlorn virtue, into Eden go !
 And, with leaves, hide thine outward nakedness :
 Though 'tis their shame, not thine, that made thee so ;
 There make work for the presse, far from the presse.

Tell times to come, how much these times neglect
 thee,
 In lines as far from death, as free from dread :
 And make their offspring blush that do reject thee ;
 Yea, live in shame when their shame's cause is dead.

With open hand to all, thy largesse throw ;
 Though all are too straight-handed unto thee :
 Make them, themselves, and thee, aright to know,
 That in thy shining lines they, both, may see :
 But if they will be blinde, and both still wrong,
 Eden still keep, and sing a Sion song.

FROM THE HIERARCHIE OF
THE BLESSED ANGELS.

BY
THOMAS HEYWOOD.

1635.

A MEDITATION.

I sought thee round about, O thou my God,
 To find thy abode.
 I said unto the earth, speak, art thou he?
 She answer'd me,
 I am not. I enquir'd of creatures all
 In general,
 Contain'd therein ; they with one voice proclaim,
 That none amongst them challeng'd such a name.

 I ask'd the seas, and all the deeps below,
 My God to know.
 I ask'd the reptiles, and whatever is
 In the abyss,
 Ev'n from the shrimp to the leviathan
 My enquiry ran :
 But in those deserts which no line can sound,
 The God I sought for was not to be found.

I ask'd the air, if that were He? but know

It told me, No.

I from the tow'ring eagle, to the wren,

Demanded then,

If any feather'd fowl 'mongst them were such?

But they all much

Offended with my question, in full quire

Answer'd, To find my God I must look higher.

I ask'd the heavens, sun, moon, and stars; but they

Said, We obey

The God thou seek'st: I ask'd what eye, what ear

Could see or hear;

What in the world I might descry or know

Above, below:

With an unanimous voice all these things said,

We are not God, but we by Him were made.

All these demands are the true consideration,

Answer and attestation

Of creatures, touching God; all which accited,

With voice united,

Either in air or sea, the earth or sky,

Make this reply:

To rob Him of his worship, none persuade us;

Since it was He, and not our own hands made us.

A scrutiny within myself I then
 Ev'n thus began :
 O man what art thou ? What more (could I say)
 Than dust and clay ?
 Frail, mortal, fading, a mere puff, a blast,
 That cannot last ;
 In a throne to-day, to morrow in the urn ;
 Form'd from that earth, to which I must return.

I ask'd myself, who this great God might be,
 That fashion'd me ?
 I answer'd, the All-Potent, solely immense
 Surpassing sense ;
 Unspeakable, inscrutable, eternal,
 Lord over all ;
 The only terrible, strong, just and true,
 Who hath no end, and no beginning knew.

He is the Well of Life, for he doth give
 To all that live,
 Both breath and being : He is the creator
 Both of the water,
 Earth, air, and fire : of all things that subsist,
 He hath the list
 Of all the heavenly host, or what earth claims ;
 He keeps the scrole, and calls them by their names.

And now my God by thy illumining grace,

Thy glorious face,

(So far forth as thou wilt discovered be,)

Me-thinks I see.

And though invisible and infinite,

To human sight,

Thou in thy mercy, justice, truth, appearest ;

In which, to our frail senses thou com'st nearest.

O make us apt to seek and quick to find,

Thou God most kind :

Give us love, hope, and faith in thee to trust,

Thou God most just :

Remit all our offences we entreat,

Most good, most great,

Grant that our willing tho' unworthy quest,

May thro' thy grace, admit us 'mongst the blest !

FROM

HEYWOOD'S HIERARCHY.

A MEDITATION.

THREE times our Saviour wept, we read;
 When he heard Lazarus was dead,
 Bewailing human frailty then;
 When to Jerusalem he rid,
 And a poor ass's colt bestrid,
 At the gross folly, blinding men.

He wept upon the cross again,
 'Gainst human malice to complain;
 Seeing their insolence and pride,
 When in such bitter gross despite
 They crucifi'd the Lord of Light,
 Him who for man's redemption died.

How necessary then are tears,
 To free us from all future fears
 Of death, of torment, of damnation!
 Tears that can wash our souls so white,
 To bring us to eternal light,
 Instating us in our salvation.

A contrite spirit, a broken heart,
 Moist eyes, whence many dew drops start,
 O grant us then, thou heav'nly King !
 So we, with hearts and tongues united,
 May with the Psalmist be accited,
 And praise and glory to thee sing.

Ye sons of men, with one accord,
 All strength and glory give the Lord ;
 You that are sons to men of fame,
 Give them the Lord, they are his due,
 For know that it belongs to you,
 To magnify his holy name.

Within his glorious temple He
 Deserveth worship on the knee :
 O kneel then at his sacred shrine,
 His voice is on the waters great,
 His glory thunders from his seat ;
 His pow'r doth on the waters shine.

His voice is mighty, glorious too,
 For all things the Lord's voice can do.
 The strongest cedars he doth break ;
 When the Lord's voice from him is gone,
 The cedars ev'n of Lebanon,
 (Torn as they stand) his pow'r can speak.

His voice them of their leaves can strip,
 He makes them like young calves to skip:
 Nor doth the stedfast mountain scorn,
 Or Hermon, for his dew so prais'd;
 But when his voice aloft is rais'd
 To skip like a young unicorn.

When the Lord's voice is lifted higher,
 It doth divide the flames of fire:
 It makes the wilderness to quake;
 Ev'n the great wilderness of all,
 The desert which we Kadesh call,
 It doth compel to move and shake.

His voice doth make the hind to bear,
 And all those forests, that cloath'd were,
 Stand naked at his will and bare.
 And therefore in his temple now
 All meet, and to his glory bow,
 With sacrifice of praise and prayer.

The Lord the raging seas doth sway,
 The mighty floods to him obey;
 And never shall his kingdom cease.
 The Lord shall give his people strength
 And will deliver them at length,
 And bless them with his joyful peace.

FROM
KING JAMES'S POEMS.

1567.—1625.

CHORUS VENETUS.

SING praise to God both young and old
That in this town remain,
With voice, and every instrument,
Found out by mortal brain :
Sing praises to our mighty God ;
Praise our Deliverer's name ;
Our loving Lord, who now in need,
Hath kyth'd* to be the same.
The faithless snares did compass us,
Their nets were set about,
But yet our dearest Father in heaven,
He hath redeemed us out.
Not only that, but by his power
Our enemies' feet they staid,
Whom he hath trapp'd, and made to fall
Into the pit they made :
Sing praises, then, both young and old,
That in this town remain,

* Kythe, to appear, to manifest.

To him that hath reliev'd our necks
 From Turkish yoke profane.
 Let us wash off our sins impure,
 Cut off our garments vile,
 And haunt his temple every day,
 To praise his name a while.
 O praise him for the victory,
 That he hath made us have,
 For he it was reveng'd our cause,
 And not our army brave :
 Praise him with trumpet, fife and drum,
 With lutes and organs fine,
 With viols, gitterns,* cistiers,† als,‡
 And sweetest voices syne.
 Sing praise, sing praise both young and old,
 Sing praises one and all,
 To him who hath redeem'd us now,
 From cruel Pagan's thrall.

* Gittern, guitar. † Cistiers, citterns. ‡ Als, also.

FROM THE SAME.

SONNET.

THE azure vault, the crystal circles bright,
 The gleaming fire torches powder'd there ;
 The changing round, the shining beamy light,
 The sad and bearded fires, the monsters faire ;
 The prodigies appearing in the aire,
 The rending thunders, and the blust'ring winds,
 The fowles in hue, in shape, and nature rare,
 The prettie notes the wing'd musician finds ;
 In earth, the sav'rie floures, the mettall'd minds,*
 The wholesome herbs, the hautie pleasant trees,
 The silver streams, the beasts of sundry kinds,
 The bounded roares† and fishes of the seas ;
 All these for teaching man the Lord did frame,
 To do his will whose glorie shines in them.

* Minds, mines. † Roares, *quere*, billows?

FROM

DU BARTAS,

HIS DIVINE WEEKS AND OTHER WORKS,

TRANSLATED BY

JOSHUA SILVESTER.

 1563.—1618.

SIMILE NON EST IDEM:

SEEMING IS NOT THE SAME,

OR,

ALL'S NOT GOLD THAT GLISTERS.

REVEREND Religion, where's the heart
 That entertains thee as thou art,
 Sincerely for thine own respect?
 Where is the mind, where is the man,
 May right be called christian,
 Not formal, but in true effect?

Who fixing all his faith and hope
 On God alone, from sacred scope
 Of his pure statutes will not stray;
 Who comes in zeal and humbleness,
 With true and hearty singleness,
 Willing to walk the perfect way:

Who loves, with all his soul and mind,
 Almighty God, All-wise, All-kind,
 All-whole, All-holy, All-sufficing :
 Who but one only God adóres
 (Though tyrants rage, and Satan roars)
 Without digressing, or disguising :

Who God's due honour hath not given
 To other things, in earth or heaven ;
 But bow'd and vow'd to him alone ;
 Him only serv'd with filial awe,
 Pleas'd and delighted in his law,
 Discoursing day and night thereon ;

Not, not for form, or fashion's sake ;
 Or for a time a show to make,
 Others the better to beguile :
 Nor it in jest to wrest or cite ;
 But in his heart it deep to write,
 And work it with his hands the while ;

Loving his neighbour as himself,
 Sharing to him his power, his pelf,
 His counsels, comforts, coats, and cates :
 Doing in all things to his brother,
 But as himself would wish from other,
 Not off'ring other what he hates :

Whose heart, inclin'd as doth behove it,
 Unlawfully doth nothing covet
 ('To any an offence to offer) :
 But, just and gentle towards all,
 Would rather (unto great, or small)
 Than do one wrong, an hundred suffer.

But will confess, if he offend,
 Relent, repent, and soon amend,
 And timely render satisfaction.
 Sure, his religion is not fain'd,
 Who doth and hath him thus demean'd ;
 By deadly hating evil-action.

Therefore, O ! vassals of the devil,
 That cannot, will not cease from evil,
 Vessels of wrath and reprobation ;
 Presume no longer now to shroud
 Under religion's sacred cloud
 Your manifold abomination.

If, but to *seem good*, goodly seem,
 To *be good*, better far esteem ;
 Why *seem* you, what *to be* you care not ?
 If *to seem evil* be amiss,
 Sure *to be evil*, worse it is :
 Why *be you*, what *to seem* you dare not ?
Be, as you *seem* ; or *seem* the same
 You *be* : to free religion's blame.

FROM THE SAME.

A HOLY PREPARATION TO A JOYFUL RESURRECTION.

DEAR, dear soul, awake, awake,
Ah! what answer wilt thou make,
When Christ in glory shall appear?
When he comes to take account
Of thy sins that hourly mount,
By acting or neglecting here.

Of that ireful day to come
(That red dreadful day of doom)
Th' affrighting terror to prevent,
Bleeding tears let heart distil;
Right reform thy crooked will,
And speedily repent, repent.

For that dreaded day of ire,
Shall dissolve the world in fire;
As holy prophets have foretold.
O! what horror will be then,
When the Lord shall come agen,
Our deeds of darkness to unfold!

Shrillest trumpets thund'ring sound,
 Through earth's entrails shall rebound,
 To summon all before the throne.
 Nature, death, shall stand amaz'd,
 When the dead (alive) be rais'd,
 To hear their judgment, every one.

Open shall the books be laid,
 Wherein what we have mis-said,
 Mis-done, mis-deem'd, is registred.
 So that when the Judge is set,
 Closest crimes (conceal'd as yet)
 Reveal'd, shall all be punished.

Then, alas ! what shall I say ?
 To what patron should I pray,
 Sith the justest are not clear ?
 King of awful majestie !
 Health of all that hope on thee,
 My saving health as then appear !

Jesu, Lord, my suit attend !
 Oppose thee to th' accusing fiend ;
 Rememb'ring, once thou cam'st for me,
 Weary, seeking wilful loss ;
 Mock'd, torn, tortur'd on the cross,
 In vain these sufferings may not be,

O ! just Judge of each condition,
 Gracious grant me free remission :
 Let not my works receive their meed.
 Sighing, I lament my sin,
 Tears without and grief within ;
 Break not, dear God, this bruised reed.

Marie's sin thou didst remit ;
 The thief on cross thou didst acquit ;
 Like hope in me thou dost inspire.
 For this glorious grace of thine,
 (For no worth or work of mine)
 Lord save me from th' infernal fire.

Appoint my place among the sheep :
 Sundred from the goats me keep,
 Disposing me, on thy right side :
 That (the cursed being cast
 Into flames that ever last)
 I with the blessed may abide,

Full of joy, bliss, endless glory
 (Free'd of feare, grief, sinful folly)
 Loud singing Holy, Holy, Holy !

AMEN.

FROM
THE POETICAL WORKS
OF
SAMUEL DANIEL.

—
1562.—1619.
—

CHORUS.
—

OPINION, how dost thou molest
Th' affected mind of restless man?
Who following thee never can,
Nor ever shall attain to rest,
Forgetting what thou say'st is best:
Yet lo! that best he finds far wide
Of what thou promised'st before:
For in the same he look'd for more,
Which proves but small, when once 'tis try'd.
Then something else thou find'st beside,
To draw him still from thought to thought;
When in the end all proves but nought.
Further from rest he finds him then,
Than at the first when he began.
O! malcontent, seducing guest,
Contriver of our greatest woes,
Which born of wind, and fed with shows,
Dost nurse thyself in thine unrest,

Judging ungotten things the best,
 Or what thou in conceit design'st,
 And all things in the world dost deem,
 Not as they are, but as they seem :
 Which shews their state thou ill defin'st,
 And liv'st to come, in present pin'st.
 For what thou hast, thou still dost lack ;
 O ! mind's tormentor, body's rack,
 Vain promiser of that sweet rest
 Which never any yet possess'd.

If we unto ambition tend,
 Then dost thou draw our weakness on,
 With vain imagination
 Of that which never hath an end.
 Or if that lust we apprehend,
 How doth that pleasant plague infect !
 O ! what strange forms of luxury,
 Thou straight doth cast t' entice us by !
 And tell'st us that is ever best,
 Which we have never yet possess'd ;
 And that more pleasure rests beside,
 In something that we have not try'd :
 And when the same is likewise had,
 Then all is one, and all is bad.

FROM

HABINGTON'S "CASTARA."

1635.

Paucitatem dierum meorum nuncia mihi.—DAVID.

TELL me, O great all-knowing God!

What period

Hast thou unto my days assign'd?

Like some old leafless tree, shall I

Wither away: or violently

Fall by the axe, by lightning, or the wind?

Here where I first drew vital breath

Shall I meet death?

And find in the same vault a room

Where my forefathers ashes sleep?

Or shall I die, where none shall weep

My timeless fate, and my cold earth entomb?

Shall I 'gainst the swift Parthians fight

And in their flight

Receive my death? Or shall I see

That envied peace, in which we are

Triumphant yet, disturb'd by war;

And perish by th' invading enemy?

Astrologers, who calculate

Uncertain fate,

Affirm my scheme doth not presage

Any abridgment of my days:

And the physician gravely says,

I may enjoy a reverend length of age.

But they are jugglers, and by slight

Of art, the sight

Of faith delude: and in their school

They only practice how to make

A mystery of each mistake,

And teach strange words credulity to fool.

For thou who first didst motion give,

Whereby things live

And time hath been; to conceal

Future events didst think it fit,

To check the ambition of our wit,

And keep in awe the curious search of zeal.

Therefore, so I prepar'd still be,
 My God for thee ;
 O th' sudden on my spirits may
 Some killing apoplexy seize ;
 Or let me by a dull disease,
 Or weakened by a feeble age decay.

And, so I in thy favour die,
 No memory
 For me a well-wrought tomb prepare ;
 For if my soul be 'mong the blest,
 Though my poor ashes want a chest,
 I shall forgive the trespass of my heir.

NON NOBIS DOMINE.

DAVID.

No marble statue, nor high
 Aspiring pyramid be rais'd
 To lose it's head within the sky !
 What claim have I to memory ?
 God, be thou only prais'd !

Thou in a moment canst defeat
 The mighty conquests of the proud,
 And blast the laurels of the great.
 Thou canst make brightest glory set
 On the sudden in a cloud.

How can the feeble works of art
 Hold out 'gainst the assault of worms ?
 Or how can brass to him impart
 Sense of surviving fame, whose heart
 Is now resolved to worms ?

And thou who to preserve thy name
 Leav'st statues in some conquer'd land!
 How will posterity scorn fame,
 When th' idol shall receive a maim,
 And lose a foot or hand?

How wilt thou hate thy wars, when he
 Who only for his hire did raise
 Thy counterfeit in stone, with thee
 Shall stand competitor, and be
 Perhaps thought worthier praise!

No laurel wreath about my brow!
 To thee, my God, all praise, whose law
 The conquer'd doth and conqueror bow!
 For both dissolve to air, if thou
 Thy influence but withdraw.

RECOGITABO TIBI OMNES ANNOS MEOS.

ISAIAH.

TIME, where didst thou those years inter
Which I have seen decease ?

My soul's at war, and truth bids her
Find out their hidden sepulchre,
To give her troubles peace.

Pregnant with flowers, doth not the Spring
Like a late bride appear ?

Whose feather'd music only brings
Caresses, and no requiem sings
On the departed year ?

The Earth, like some rich, wanton heir,
Whose parents coffin'd lie,
Forgets it once look'd pale and bare,
And doth for vanities prepare,
As the spring ne'er should die.

The present hour, flatter'd by all,
 Reflects not on the last;
 But I, like a sad factor, shall
 To account my life each moment call,
 And only weep the past.

My mem'ry tracks each several way
 Since reason did begin
 Over my actions her first sway;
 And teacheth me that each new day
 Did only vary sin.

Poor bankrupt conscience! where are those
 Rich hours, but farm'd to thee?
 How carelessly I some did lose!
 And other to my lust dispose
 As no rent-day should be!

I have infected with impure
 Disorders my past years;
 But I'll to penitence inure
 Those that succeed. There is no cure
 Nor antidote but tears.

FROM PART OF
DU BARTAS.

BY
WILLIAM L'ISLE OF WILBURGHAM,
Esquier for the King's Body.

1625.

THE FIRST BOOK OF NOE, CALLED THE ARKE.

Now Noe's heart rejoic'd
With sweet conceit of hope,
And for the raven's flight,
He sets a casement ope.
To find some resting place
The bird soars round about ;
And finding none, returns
To him that sent her out :
Who few days after sends
The dove, another spie,
That also came again,
Because she found no drie.

But after se'nights rest,
 He sends her out again,
 To search if any land
 Yet peer'd above the main.
 Behold an olive-branch
 She brings at length in beak :
 Then thus the Patriarch
 With joy began to speak,
 O happie sign ! O news,
 The best that could be thought !
 O mysterie most desired !
 Lo ! the dove hath brought,
 The gentle dove hath brought
 A peaceful olive-bough :
 God makes a truce with us,
 And so sure sealetn now
 The patent of his love,
 And heavenly promises ;
 That sooner shall we see
 The tiger furyless,
 The lion fight in fear,
 The lev'ret waxen bold,
 Than Him against our hope
 His wonted grace with-hold.
 O first-fruit of the world !
 O holy olive-tree !

O safety-boding branch !
 For if alive thou be,
 And we'rt all while the flood
 Destroyed all else, I joy
 That all is not destroy'd :
 Or if, since all th' annoy,
 That water brought on all,
 So soon thou didst re-bud,
 I wonder at the Lord,
 That is so great and good,
 To re-make every plant,
 And in so short a space,
 Cloath all the world anew
 In liveries of his grace.

FROM
ODES OR PHILOMEL'S TEARS,
 BY
RICHARD BRATHWAIT.

Born 1588.—Died 1673.

THE TRAVELLER DILATING UPON THE SUNDRY CHANGES OF HUMAN
 AFFAIRS, MOST FLUCTUANT WHEN APPEARING MOST CONSTANT.

TELL me man, what creature may,
 Promise him such safe repose,
 As secure from heat of foes,
 He may thus much truly say,
 Nought I have I fear to lose
 No mischance can me dismay;
 Tell me, pray thee, (if thou can,)
 If the world have such a man!

Tell me, if thou canst discern
 By thy reason's excellence,
 What man for his providence,
 Of the pismire may not learn:
 Yet that creature hath but sense,
 Though she do her living earn:
 Spare, nor costly, is her fare,
 Yet her granar shews her care!

Tell me, canst thou shew me him,
 That exact in each device,
 Is at all times truly wise,
 And is never seen to swim
 (For in this his judgment lies)
 'Gainst the current of the stream,
 But seems to have full command,
 Of each thing he takes in hand!

Tell me, was there ever known
 Such a man that had a wit,
 And in some part knew not it,
 Till at last conceited grown,
 He grew prouder than was fit,
 Ever boasting of his own;
 For that maxim true we know,
 He that's witty, knows him so!

Tell me, is that man on earth,
 Whose affairs so stable are,
 As they may for all his care,
 Fall not cross and crab'dly forth;
 And of sorrows have no share,
 Which descend to man by birth;
 What is he can promise rest,
 When his mind's with grief oppress!

Tell me, is there ought so strong,
 Firmly constant, permanent,
 Or on earth such true content,
 As it fadeth not ere long?
 Is there ought so excellent,
 As it changeth not her song,
 And in time, that all devours,
 Mixeth sweets with sharpest sours?

Tell me, where is fortune plac'd,
 That she may not men beguile,
 Shrouding frowns with feigned smile;
 Where is he so highly grac'd,
 Shewing greatness in his style,
 Hath not been in time out-fac'd,
 By some rival, where still one,
 Strives to put another down!

Tell me, then, what life can be
 More secure, than where report
 Makes us only known to th' court;
 Where we lead our lives so free,
 As we're strangers to resort,
 Save our private family;
 For I think that dwelling best,
 Where least cares disturb our rest!

FROM

WILLIAM ALEXANDER

Earl of Sterline's

"RECREATIONS WITH THE MUSES."

 1637.

WHAT can man's wand'ring thoughts confine,
 Or satisfy his fancies all?
 For whilst he wonders doth design,
 Ev'n great things then do seem but small;
 What terror can his sprite appall,
 Whilst, taking more than it can hold,
 He to himself contentment doth assign;
 His mind, which monsters breeds,
 Imagination feeds;
 And with high thoughts quite headlong's roll'd,
 Whilst seeking here a perfect ease to find,
 Would but melt mountains, and embrace the wind.

What wonder though the soul of man,
 (A spark of heaven that shines below)
 Doth labour by all means it can
 Like to itself, itself to shew?

The heavenly essence heaven would know
 But from this mass, (where bound) till free,
 With pain doth spend life's little span ;
 The better part would be above :
 And th' earth from earth cannot remove ;
 How can two contraries agree ?
 Thus as the best part or the worst doth move,
 Man of much worth, or of no worth doth prove.

Ah ! passions spoil our better part,
 The soul is vex'd with their dissensions ;
 We make a god of our own heart,
 And worship all our vain inventions ;
 This brain-bred mist of apprehensions
 The mind doth with confusion fill,
 Whilst reason in exile doth smart ;
 And few are free from this infection,
 For all are slaves to some affection,
 Which doth oppress the judgment still :
 Those partial tyrants, not directed right,
 Ev'n of the clearest minds eclipse the light.

A thousand times, O happy he !
 Who doth his passions so subdue,
 That he may with clear reason's eye
 Their imperfection's fountains view,
 That so he may himself renew :
 Who to his thoughts prescribing laws

Might set his soul from bondage free,
 And never from bright reason swerve ;
 But making passions it to serve,
 Would weigh each thing, as there were cause :
 O greater were that monarch of the mind,
 Than if he might command from Thule to Inde !

Is't not a wonder thus to see
 How by experience each man reads
 In practis'd volumes penn'd by deeds,
 How things below inconstant be ;
 Yet whilst ourselves continue free,
 We ponder oft, but not apply
 That precious oil, which we might buy
 Best with the price of other's pains ;
 Which, (as what not to us pertains,)
 To use we will not condescend ;
 As if we might the fates defy
 Still whilst untouch'd our state remains ;
 But soon the heavens a change may send :
 No perfect bliss before the end.

When first we fill with fruitful seed,
 The apt conceiving womb of earth,
 And seem to banish fear of dearth,
 With that which it by time may breed,

Still dangers do our hopes exceed :
 The frosts may first with cold confound
 The tender greens which deck the ground,
 Whose wrath, though April smiles assuage,
 It must abide th' Eolian rage ;
 Which too o're-com'd, whilst we attend
 All Ceres wand'ring tresses bound,
 The rains let from their cloudy cage
 May spoil what we expect to spend :
 No perfect bliss before the end.

Lo ! whilst the vine-tree great with grapes,
 With nectar'd liquor strives to kiss
 Embracing elms not lov'd amiss,
 Those clusters lose their comely shapes,
 Whilst by the thunder burn'd, in heaps
 All Bacchus' hopes fall down and perish :
 Thus many things do fairly flourish,
 Which no perfection can attain ;
 And yet we worldlings are so vain,
 That our conceits too high we bend ;
 If fortune but our spring-time cherish,
 Though divers storms we must sustain,
 To harvest ere our years ascend :
 No perfect bliss before the end.

By all who in this world have place,
 There is a course which must be run ;
 And let none think that he hath won

Till first he finish'd hath his race,
The forests thro' the which we trace,
Breed ravenous beasts, which do abhor us,
And lie in wait still to devour us ;
Whilst brambles do our steps beguile,
The fear of which though we exile,
And to our mark with gladness tend ;
Yet balls of gold are laid before us,
To entertain our thoughts awhile,
And our good meaning to suspend :
No perfect bliss before the end.

FROM

"POEMS"

BY

HUMPHRY MILLS.

1639.

OF TIME.

O Time! thou art that precious part,
 That God doth give to man :
 That living here, may in God's feare,
 Proceed the best he can.

Time's more of worth, when 'tis set forth,
 In nature sweet and kinde,
 Than gold : being lost, the man is crost,
 That seekes to gaine, or finde.

Time being gone, sure there is none,
 Can call it backe againe,
 It's in God's hand, time cannot stand,
 The Lord of times doth raigne.

When time is past, though thou make haste,
 To o'ertake, it's seldome seene ;
 But if thou creepe, time doth not sleepe
 But swift hath ever beene.

If thou but goe, time doth not so,
 It runnes ; thou runn'st, t'will flye ;
 Get time before, and keep in store,
 Lest God thee time deny.

Thy great estate, time will but hate,
 To stay for thee therefore,
 Time knowes not how, nor God allow,
 To differ rich from poore.

Time's likewise short, tho' fooles in sport,
 To make it shorter strive ;
 Poore fooles indeed, that whip with speed
 Time gone, yet think to thrive !

Alas a-day ! who is't that may,
 More than his day stay here ?
 What mortall can exceed his span,
 Though living now in cheere ?

Death hath time prest, that all the rest,
 That on the earth abide,
 Ere it be long, though ne'er so strong,
 The dust may under hide.

FROM

"CAREW'S POEMS."

 1642.

AN EPITAPH.

THIS little vault, this narrow room
 Of love and beauty is the tomb;
 The dawning beam that 'gan to clear
 Our clouded sky, lies darken'd here;
 For ever set to us by death,
 Sent to enflame the world beneath.
 'Twas but a bud, yet did contain
 More sweetness than shall spring again,
 A budding star that might have grown
 Into a sun, when it had blown.
 This hopeful beauty did create
 New life in love's declining state;
 But now his empire ends, and we
 From fire, and wounding darts are free;
 His brand, his bow, let no man fear,
 The flames, the arrows all lie here.

ANOTHER.

AND here the precious dust is laid,
Whose purely-temper'd clay was made
So fine, that it the guest betray'd.

Else the soul grew so fast within,
It broke the outward shell of sin,
And so was hatch'd a cherubin.

In height, it soar'd to God above ;
In depth, it did to knowledge move,
And spread in breadth to general love.

Before, a pious duty shin'd
To parents, courtesy behind,
On either side an equal mind.

Good to the poor, to kindred dear,
To servants kind, to friendship clear,
To nothing but herself severe.

FROM

MEL HELICONIUM;

OR

POETICAL HONEY,

GATHERED OUT OF THE WEEDS OF PARNASSUS.

BY

ALEXANDER ROSSE.

1642.

A MEDITATION.

You that walk 'mong sweet flowers,
 Dash'd with drops of twilight showers,
 Which with smells refresh the sense;
 Look about and careful be,
 Of the plots and policy
 Of that black infernal prince.

Who's still ready to incroach
 On your souls, and in his coach,
 To hurl you from hence away
 To that dark and dismal place,
 Where you cannot see the face
 Of Apollo and the day.

And let us take heed that we
 Taste not that pomegranate tree,
 Which in his sad orchard stands ;
 If we do, we shall remain
 Captives still, and ne'er again
 Shall escape out of his hands.

Christ alone did undertake,
 When he pass'd the joyless lake,
 To release our souls again ;
 When we were in Satan's pow'r,
 All enthrall'd within his tow'r,
 Where we should have ever lain.

But he broke the gates of brass,
 And made way for us to pass,
 Though we tasted of that tree
 Which bereav'd us of God's grace,
 And enclos'd us in that place
 Where dwells endless misery.

He dispersed hath that seed
 Of his word, which doth us feed ;
 Dragons now his chariots draw ;
 Who before were Gentile kings,
 Fierce as dragons swift, with wings,
 Are now subject to his law.

He holds out his burning lamps,
 Which expel unwholesome damp
 From us that in darkness lie ;
 He doth raise us from below,
 Not for half a year or so,
 But for all eternity.

O my God, amongst May flowers,
 When I spend some idle hours,
 When my joys do most abound ;
 I will think on death's black coach ;
 That if it should then approach,
 I may be then ready found.

Thou dost feed me daily, Lord,
 With sincere milk of thy word ;
 O then give me constancy,
 That I may by night endure
 Thy hot furnace, for I'm sure
 Thou knowest what is best for me.

ANOTHER.

ALAS ! my soul, how men are vext
 That fix their love on gilded dung,
 Which when they want they are perplext,
 And when they have it they are stung.

Great treasure wounds
 With care man's heart ;
 As wealth abounds,
 So doth their smart.

Doth not the love of earthly things,
 Divest men of their richest robe,
 And then they fly away with wings,
 And leave them naked on this globe :

Besides all that,
 They blind men's eyes,
 That they cannot
 Behold the skies.

And do not earthly things besides,
 With burning torches men torment ;
 And with sharp arrows wound their sides,
 So that our days in pain are spent :

Then why should I
 Affect these things,
 Which misery
 And sorrow brings ?

This love makes men like foolish boys,
 Who place their chief felicity
 In bits of glasses, shells, and toys,
 Or in a painted butterfly :

So riches are
 (Which we, alas !
 Scrape with such care)
 But bits of glass.

Lord, let me see thy beauty, which
 Doth only true contentment bring ;
 And so in thee I shall be rich :
 Oh ! if I had but Cupid's wing,

Then would I flee
 By faith above,
 And fix on thee
 My heart and love.

Sometimes a crown of thorns did sit
 Upon that sacred head of thine ;
 But sure a rose-crown was more fit
 For thee, and thorns for this of mine :

O God, what love
 Was this in thee,
 That should thee move
 To die for me !

Thy youth is always green and fresh,
 Thy lasting years, Lord, cannot fail ;
 O look not on my sinful flesh,
 But mask thine eyes with mercy's veil !

O Lord, renew
 In me thy love,
 And from thy view
 My sins remove !

FROM
 A PARAPHRASE
 UPON
THE DIVINE POEMS.
 BY
 GEORGE SANDYS,

1643.

PSALME viii.

LORD, how illustrious is thy name !
 Whose power both heav'n and earth proclaim !
 Thy glory thou hast set on high,
 Above the marble—arched skie.
 The wonders of thy power thou hast
 In mouthes of babes and sucklings plac'd,
 That so thou might'st thy foe confound,
 And who in malice most abound.
 When I pure heaven, the fabricke, see,
 The moon and stars dispos'd by thee ;
 O what is man, or his fraile race,
 That thou should'st such a shadow grace !
 Next to thy angels most renown'd,
 With majesty and glory crown'd ;

The King of all thy creatures made ;
 That all beneath his feet hast laid :
 All that on dales or mountains feed,
 That shady woods or deserts breed ;
 What in the aerie region glide,
 Or through the rowling ocean slide.
 Lord, how illustrious is thy name !
 Whose power both heav'n and earth proclaim.

PSALME XV.

WHO shall in thy tent abide ?
 On thy holy hill reside ?
 Hee that's just and innocent ;
 Tells the truth of his intent.
 Slanders none with venom'd tongue,
 Feares to do his neighbour wrong,
 Fosters not base infamies,
 Vice beholds with scornfull eyes,
 Honours those who feare the Lord,
 Keeps, though to his losse, his word,
 Takes no bribes for wicked ends,
 Nor to use* his money lends ;
 Who by these directions guide
 Their pure steps, shall never slide.

* Use, i. e. usury.

PSALME xix.

GOD's glory the vast heavens proclaim ;
 The firmament his mighty frame.
 Day unto day, and night to night
 The wonders of his works recite.
 To these nor speech nor words belong,
 Yet understood without a tongue.
 The globe of earth they compasse round,
 Through all the world disperse their sound.
 There is the Sunne's pavillion set,
 Who from his rosie cabinet
 Like a fresh bride-groom shewes his face,
 And as a Giant runnes his race.
 He riseth in the dawning east,
 And glides obliquely to the west :
 The world with his bright rayes repleat ;
 All creatures cherisht by his heat,
 God's lawes are perfect, and restore
 The soul to life, even dead before.
 His testimonies, firmly true
 With wisdom simple men indue.
 The Lord's commandements are upright,
 And feast the soule with sweet delight.
 His precepts are all puritie,
 Such as illuminate the eye.
 The feare of God, soil'd with no staine,
 Shall everlastingly remaine.

Jehovah's judgements are divine ;
 With judgement he doth justice joyne,
 Which men should more than gold desire,
 Than heaps of gold refin'd by fire.
 More sweet than honey from the hive,
 Or cells where bees their treasure stive.
 Thy servant is inform'd from thence :
 They, their observers recompense.
 Who knowes what his offences be ?
 From secret sinnes O cleanse thou me !
 And from presumptuous crimes restraine ;
 Nor let them in thy servant reigne :
 So shall I live in innocence,
 Not spotted with that great offence.
 My fortresse, my deliverer ;
 O let the prayers my lips preferre,
 And thoughts which from my heart arise,
 Be acceptable in thine eyes !

PSALME xxix.

You that are of princely birth,
 Prayse the Lord of heaven and earth ;
 Glory give, his power proclame ;
 Magnifie and prayse his name.

Worship, in the beautilie blesse,
 Beaulie of his holinesse.
 From a darke and show'ring cloud,
 On the floods that roare aloud,
 Harke ! his voice with terroure breakes :
 God—our God in thunder speakes.
 Powerfull in his voice on high,
 Full of power and majestie :
 Lofty cedars overthrowne,
 Cedars of steep Libanon,
 Calfe-like skipping on the ground.
 Libanon and Sirion bound,
 Like a youthfull unicorne ;
 Lab'ring clouds with lightning torne.
 At his voice the desert shakes ;
 Kadish, thy vast desert quakes.
 Trembling hinds then calve for fear ;
 Shadie forests bare appeare :
 His renowne, by every tongue,
 Through his holy temple sung.
 He the raging flood restraines :
 He a King for ever reignes.
 God his people shall increase,
 Arm with strength, and bless with peace.

PSALME xlii.

LORD! as the hart, imboſt with heat,
 Braies after the coole rivulet,
 So sighs my ſoule for thee.
 My ſoule thirſts for the living God:
 When ſhall I enter his abode,
 And all his beautie ſee !

Tears are my food both night and day
 While, “Where’s thy God”; they daily ſay.
 My ſoule in plaints I ſhed:
 When I remember how in throngs
 We fill’d thy houſe with praiſe and ſongs,
 How I their dances led.

My ſoule why art thou ſo depreſt !
 O why thus troubled in my breſt !
 With griefe ſo overthrowne !
 With conſtant hope on God await:
 I yet his name ſhall celebrate,
 For mercy timely ſhowne.

My fainting heart within me pants:
 My God conſider my complaints;
 My ſongs ſhall praiſe thee ſtill;
 Even from the vale where Jordan flowes;
 Where Hermon his high fore-head ſhowes,
 From Mitsar’s humble hill.

Deepes unto deepes intraged call,
When thy dark spouts of waters fall,

And dreadfull tempest raves :
For all thy flouds upon me burst,
And billows after billowes thrust
To swallow in their graves.

But yet by day the Lord will charge
His ready mercie to enlarge

My soule, surpris'd with cares :
He gives my songs their argument ;
God of my life, I will present
By night to thee my prayers.

And say, my God, my rocke, O why
Am I forgot, and mourning die,

By foes reduc'd to dust !
Their words like weapons pierce my bones,
While still they echo to my grones,
Where is the Lord thy trust ?

My soule, why art thou so deprest !
O why so troubled is my brest !

Sunk underneath thy load !
With constant hope on God await,
For I his name shall celebrate,
My Saviour and my God.

PSALME liii.

FOOLES flattering their own vices, say
 Within their hearts, God is a name
 Devis'd to make the strong obey,
 To fetter nature ; quench her flame :
 When all this universall frame
 The hands of potent fortune sway.

Secure and prosperous in ill,
 The feare and thought of God exile,
 To follow their rebellious will,
 Think nothing that delights them vile :
 Their soules with wicked thoughts defile,
 And all their foule desires fulfill.

God from the tower of heaven his eies
 On men, and their endeavours threw :
 Not one beheld beneath the skies,
 That sought him, or his statutes knew ;
 All vice with winged feet pursue,
 But none forsaken virtue prise.

O deafe to good ! in knowledge blind !
 By sinne thro' clouds of error led !
 Dull sensual forms, without a mind !
 Nor slow, though certain, vengeance dread
 The righteous they devour like bread,
 All piety at once declin'd.

These, idle terrors shall affright,
 Their sleeps disturb'd by guilty feare.
 God shall their bones asunder smite,
 Who impious armes against him beare ;
 Nor they their infamy out-weare,
 Since despiseable in his sight.

O that unto thy Israel
 The day-starre might from Sion spring !
 And all the shades of night expell !
 When thou shalt us from bondage bring !
 Now would we, Lord, thy praises sing !
 No joy should Jacob's joy excell.

PSALME lx.

CAST off, and scattered in thine ire,
 Lord, on our woes with pity look ;
 The land's inforc'd foundations shook,
 Whose yawning ruptures sighs expire.
 O cure the breaches thou hast rent
 And make her firmly permanent !

Our soules thou hast with sorrow fed
 And mad'st us drink of deadly wine,
 Yet now thy ensigns giv'st to thine,
 Ev'n when beset with trembling dread,
 That we thy banner may display
 Whilst truth to conquest makes our way.

O heare us, who thy aide implore,
 Lord, with thy own right hand defend ;
 To thy beloved, succour send.
 God by his sanctity thus swore ;
 “ I Succoth’s Valley will divide ;
 “ In Shechem’s spoiles be magnifi’d.

“ Mine Gilead is, Mannasseth mine ;
 “ Ephraim my strength, in battell bold ;
 “ Thou Judah shall my scepter hold ;
 “ I will triumph on Palestine !
 “ Base servitude shall Moab waste ;
 “ O’re Edom I my shoe will cast !”

Who will our forward troops direct
 To Rabbath strongly fortified ?
 Or into sandy Edom guide ?
 Lord wilt not thou, that did’st reject,
 Nor would’st before our armies goe,
 Now lead our host against the foe ?

O then when dangers most affright,
 Doe thou our troubled soules sustaine !
 For loe ! the help of man is vain.
 Through thee we valiantly shall fight,
 Our flying foes thou shalt tread down,
 And thine with wreaths of conquest crowne.

FROM

EMBLEMS DIVINE AND MORAL;

TOGETHER WITH

Hiero-glyphicks of the Life of Man.

BY

FRANCIS QUARLES.

1644.

BOOK II. EMBLEM 5.

Wilt thou set thine eyes upon that which is not? for riches make themselves wings; they flie away as an eagle.—PROVERBS xxiii. 5.

FALSE world, thou ly'st: thou canst not lend

The least delight:

Thy favours cannot gain a friend,

They are so slight:

Thy morning pleasures make an end

To please at night:

Poor are the wants that thou supply'st;

And yet thou vaunt'st, and yet thou vy'st

With heaven; fond earth, thou boast'st; false world,
thou ly'st.

Thy babbling tongue tells golden tales
 Of endless treasure ;
 Thy bounty offers easie sales
 Of lasting pleasure ;
 Thou ask'st the conscience what she ails,
 And swear'st to ease her :
 There's none can want where thou supply'st :
 There's none can give where thou deny'st.
 Alas ! fond world, thou boast'st ; false world, thou
 ly'st.

What well advised ear regards
 What earth can say ?
 Thy words are gold, but thy rewards
 Are painted clay :
 Thy cunning can but pack the cards,
 Thou canst not play :
 Thy game at weakest, still thou vy'st
 If seen and then revy'd, deny'st
 Thou art not what thou seem'st ; false world, thou
 ly'st.

Thy tinsel bosome seems a mint
 Of new-coin'd treasure,
 A paradise that has no stint,
 No change no measure ;
 A painted cask, but nothing in't
 Nor wealth, nor pleasure :

Vain earth! that falsely thus comply'st
 With man; vain man! that thou rely'st
 On earth; vain man thou doat'st; vain earth, thou
 ly'st.

What mean dull souls in this high measure
 To haberdash

In earth's base wares, whose greatest treasure
 Is dross and trash;

The height of whose enchanting pleasure
 Is but a flash?

Are these the goods that thou supply'st
 Us mortals with? Are these the highest?
 Can these bring cordial peace? False world, thou
 ly'st.

BOOK IV. EMBLEM 2.

O that my ways were directed to keep thy statutes!—PSALM cxix. 5.

THUS I, the object of the world's disdain,
 With pilgrim pace surround the weary earth:
 I only relish what the world counts vain;
 Her mirth's my grief; her sullen grief, my mirth;
 Her light my darkness; and her truth my error;
 Her freedom is my goal; and her delights my terrour.

Fond earth ! proportion not my seeming love
 To my long stay ; let not my thoughts deceive thee ;
 Thou art my prison, and my home's above ;
 My life's a preparation but to leave thee :
 Like one that seeks a door, I walk about thee :
 With thee I cannot live ; I cannot live without thee.

The world's a lab'rinth, whose anfractuous ways
 Are all compos'd of rubs and crook'd meanders :
 No resting here ; he's hurried back that stays
 A thought ; and he that goes unguided, wanders.
 Her way is dark, her path untrod, unev'n ;
 So hard's the way from earth ; so hard's the way to
 heav'n.

This gyring lab'rinth is betrench'd about
 On either hand with streams of sulph'rous fire,
 Streams closely sliding, erring in and out,
 But seeming pleasant to the fond descrier ;
 Where, if his footsteps trust their own invention,
 He falls without redress, and sinks without dimen-
 sion.

Where shall I seek a guide ? Where shall I meet
 Some lucky hand to lead my trembling paces ?
 What trusty lantern will direct my feet
 To scape the danger of these dang'rous places ?
 What hopes have I to pass without a guide ?
 Where one gets safely through, a thousand fall beside.

An unrequested star did gently slide
 Before the wise men to a greater light;
 Back-sliding Israel found a double guide,
 A pillar and a cloud; by day, by night:
 Yet in my desp'rate dangers, which be far
 More great than theirs, I have no pillar, cloud, nor
 star.

O that the pinions of a clipping dove
 Would cut my passage through the empty air;
 Mine eyes being seal'd, how would I mount above
 The reach of danger and forgotten care!
 My backward eyes should ne'er commit that fault,
 Whose lasting guilt should build a monument of salt.

Great God, that art the flowing spring of light,
 Enrich mine eyes with thy refulgent ray:
 Thou art my path: direct my steps aright:
 I have no other light, no other way:
 I'll trust my God, and him alone pursue;
 His law shall be my path; his heavenly light my
 clue.

HIEROGLYPHICK IV.

The whole need not a physician.—ST. MATTHEW ix. 12.

ALWAYS pruning, always cropping,
 Is her brightness still obscur'd ?
 Ever dressing, ever topping,
 Always curing, never cur'd ?

Too much snuffing makes a waste :
 When the spirits spend too fast,
 They will shrink at ev'ry blast.

You that always are bestowing
 Costly pains in life repairing,
 Are but always overthrowing
 Nature's work by over-caring :

Nature meeting with her so,
 In a work she hath to do,
 Takes a pride to overthrow.

Nature knows her own perfection,
 And her pride disdains a tutor,
 Cannot stoop to art's correction,
 And she scorns a co-adjutor.

Saucy art should not appear
 Till she whisper in her ear :
 Hagar flees, if Sarah bear.

Nature worketh for the better,
 If not hinder'd that she cannot ;
 Art stands by as her abettor,
 Ending nothing she began not ;
 If distemper chance to seize
 Nature foil'd with the disease,
 Art may help her if she please.

But to make a trade of trying
 Drugs and doses, always pruning,
 Is to die for fear of dying ;
 He's untun'd, that's always tuning.
 He that often loves to lack
 Dear-bought drugs, hath found a knack
 To foil the man, and feed the quack.

O the sad, the frail condition
 Of the pride of nature's glory !
 How infirm his composition,
 And at best how transitory !
 When this riot doth impair
 Nature's weakness, then his care
 Adds more ruin by repair.

Hold thy hand, health's dear maintainer,
 Life perchance may burn the stronger :
 Having substance to sustain her,
 She untouch'd, may last the longer :

When the artist goes about,
 To redress her flame, I doubt,
 Oftentimes he snuffs it out.

FROM
STEPS TO THE TEMPLE.

BY
RICHARD CRASHAW.

1646.

A HYMN FOR THE CIRCUMCISION DAY OF
OUR LORD.

RISE thou best and brightest morning
Rosie with a double red,
With thine own blush thy cheekes adorning,
And the deare drops this day were shed.

All the purple pride' that laces
The crimson curtaines of thy bed,
Gildes thee not with so sweet graces,
Nor sets thee in so rich a red.

Of all the faire cheek't flowers that fill thee
None so faire the bosome showes
As this modest maiden lillie
Our sinnes have shamed into a rose.

Bid thy golden god, the sun,
Burnisht in his best beams rise,
Put all his red-ey'd rubies on ;
Those rubies shall put out their eyes.

Let him make poor the purple east,
 Search what the world's close cabinets keepe,
 Rob the rich births of each bright nest,
 That flaming in their faire beds sleepe.

Let him embrace his own bright tresses
 With a new morning made of gems,
 And weave in those his wealthy dresses,
 Another day of diadems.

When he hath done all he may
 To make himself rich in his rise,
 All will be darknesse to the day
 That breakes from one of these bright eyes.

And soon this sweet truth shall appeare
 Dear babe, e're many days be done,
 The moon shall come and meet thee here,
 And leave her own neglected sun.

Here are beauties shall bereave him
 Of all his eastern paramours,
 His Persian lovers all shall leave him
 And swear faith to thy sweeter powers.

Nor while they leave him shall they lose the sun,
 But in thy fairest eyes find two for one.

A HYMN IN MEDITATION OF THE DAY OF
JUDGEMENT.

HEAR'ST thou my soul what serious things,
Both the Psalme and Sybill sings,
Of a sure Judge from whose sharp ray
The world in flames shall fly away.

O that fire ! before whose face
Heav'n and earth shall find no place ;
O those eyes ! whose angry light
Must be the day of that dread night.

O that trump ! whose blast shall run,
An even round with the circling Sun,
And urge the murm'ring graves to bring,
Pale mankind forth to meet his King !

Horror of nature, hell and death !
When a deepe groane from beneath,
Shall cry we come, we come, and all
The caves of night answer one call.

O that booke ! whose leaves so bright
Will set the word in severe light :
O the Judge ! whose hand, whose eye,
None can endure, yet none can flye.

Ah then, poor soule, what wilt thou say,
 And to what patron chuse to pray,
 When starrs themselves shall stagger, and
 The most firme foot, no more then stand.

But thou giv'st leave, dread Lord, that wee
 Take shelter from thyself, in thee ;
 And with the wings of thine own dove.
 Fly to thy scepter of soft love.

Jesus, remember in that day
 Who was the cause thou cam'st this way ;
 Thy sheep was strai'd ; and thou would'st be
 Ev'n lost thyself in seeking me.

Should all that labour, all that cost
 Of love, and ev'n that losse be lost ?
 And this lov'd soule, judg'd worth no lesse
 Than all that way and weariness ?

Just mercy, then, thy reck'ning be
 With my price, and not with me :
 'Twas paid at first with too much pain
 To be paid twice, or once in vain.

Mercie ! my Judge, mercie, I crie !
 With blushing cheek and bleeding eye,
 The conscious colours of my sin
 Are red without and pale within.

Though both my praiera and tears combine
 Both worthlesse are, for they are mine ;
 But thou thy bounteous self still be,
 And shew thou art, by saving me.

O when thy last frown shall proclaime
 The flocks of goats to folds of flame,
 And all thy lost sheep found shall be,
 Let "Come ye blessed" then call me.

When the dread "Ite" shall divide
 Those limbs of death from thy left side,
 Let those life-speaking lipps command
 That I inherit the right hand.

O heare a suppliant heart, all crush't
 And crumbled into contrite dust ;
 My Hope, my Feare, my Judge, my Friend,
 Take charge of me, and of my end !

FROM
PHILOSOPHICAL POEMS.

BY
HENRY MORE.

—
Cambridge, 1647.
—

THE PHILOSOPHER'S DEVOTION.

SING aloud ! His praise rehearse
Who hath made the universe.
He the boundless heavens has spread
All the vital orbs has kned ;
He that on Olympus high
Tends his flocks with watchful eye,
And this eye has multiplied
Midst each flock for to reside.
Thus as round about they stray
'Toucheth each with outstretch'd ray,
Nimble they hold on their way,
Shaping out their night and day.
Summer, winter, autumn, spring,
Their inclined axles bring.
Never slack they ; none respire,
Dancing round their centrall fires.

In due order as they move
 Echoes sweet be gently drove
 Thorough heaven's vast hollowness,
 Which unto all corners press :
 Musick that the heart of Jove
 Moves to joy and sportfull love ;
 Fills the list'ning sailor's ears
 Riding on the wand'ring spheres,
 Neither speech nor language is
 Where there voice is not transmiss.

God is good, is wise, is strong,
 Witness all the creature-throng,
 Is confess'd by every tongue.
 All things back from which they sprung,
 As the thankful rivers pay
 What they borrow'd of the sea.

Now myself I do resign,
 Take me whole, I all am thine.
 Save me, Lord ! from self desire,
 Death's pit, dark hell's raging fire,
 Envy, hatred, vengeance, ire ;
 Let not lust my soul bemire,
 Quit from these, thy praise I'll sing,
 Loudly sweep the trembling string.
 Bear a part, O wisdom's sons !
 Freed from vain religions.

Lo! from far I you salute,
 Sweetly warbling on my lute,
 Indie, Egypt, Arabie,
 Asia, Greece, and Tartarie,
 Carmel-tracts and Lebanon
 With the mountains of the Moon,
 From whence muddy Nile doth runne,
 Or where ever else you wonne;
 Breathing in one vital air,
 One we are tho' distant far.

Rise, at once let's sacrifice;
 Odours sweet perfume the skies.
 See, how heavenly lightning fires
 Hearts inflam'd with high aspires!
 All the substance of our souls
 Up in clouds on incense rolls.
 Leave we nothing to ourselves
 Save a voice, what need we else?
 Or an hand to wear and tire
 On the thankful lute or lyre.
 Sing aloud his praise rehearse,
 Who hath made the universe.

HESPERIDES;

OR

THE WORKS, BOTH HUMAN AND DIVINE,

OF

ROBERT HERRICK, Esq.

 1648.

A CHRISTMAS CAROLL,

Sung to the King, in the Presence, at White-hall.

 CHORUS.

WHAT sweeter music can we bring,
 Than a caroll, for to sing
 The birth of this our Heavenly King?
 Awake the voice! Awake the string!
 Heart, ear, and eye, and every thing
 Awake! the while the active finger
 Runs divisions with the singer.

Dark and dull night, fly hence away,
 And give the honour to this day,
 That sees December turn'd to May.

If we may ask the reason, say
 The why, and wherefore all things here
 Seem like the spring-time of the year?

Why does the chilling winter's morn
 Smile, like a field beset with corn?
 Or smell, like to a mead new-shorn,
 Thus on the sudden?—Come and see
 The cause why things thus fragrant be:
 'Tis He is born, whose quick'ning birth
 Gives light and lustre, public mirth,
 To heaven, and the under-earth.

CHORUS.

We see him come, and know him ours,
 Who, with his sun-shine, and his showers,
 Turns all the patient ground to flowers.

The Darling of the world is come,
 And fit it is, we find a room
 To welcome him.—The nobler part
 Of all the house here, is the heart,

Which we will give him; and bequeath
 This holly, and this ivy wreath,
 To do him honour; who's our King,
 And Lord of all this revelling.

THE STAR-SONG,

A CAROLL, SUNG AT WHITE-HALL.

TELL us, thou clear and heavenly tongue,
Where is the babe but lately sprung?
Lies he the lillie-banks among?

Or say, if this new birth of ours
Sleeps, laid within some ark of flowers,
Spangled with dew-light ; thou canst clear
All doubts, and manifest the where.

Declare to us, bright star, if we shall seek
Him in the morning's blushing cheek,
Or search the beds of spices through,
To find him out ?

STAR.

No, this ye need not do ;
But only come, and see him rest
A Princely Babe in's Mother's breast.

CHORUS.

He's seen, He's seen! Why then around,
Let's kiss the sweet and holy ground ;
And all rejoice that we have found
A King, before conception crown'd.

Come then, come then, and let us bring
Unto our pretty twelfth-tide King,
Each one his several offering ;

And when night comes we'll give him wassailing :
And that his treble honours may be seen,
We'll chuse him King, and make his Mother Queen.

TRIVIAL POEMS AND TRIOLETS.

BY

PATRICK CAREY.

 1651.

 CHRIST IN THE CRADLE.

LOOK, how he shakes for cold !

How pale his lips are grown !

Wherein his limbs to fold

Yet mantle has he none.

His pretty feet and hands

(Of late more pure and white

Then is the snow

That pains them so)

Have lost their candour quite.

His lips are blue,

(Where roses grew,)

He's frozen every where :

All th' heat he has

Joseph, alas !

Gives in a groan ; or Mary in a tear.

CHRIST IN THE GARDEN.

LOOK ! how he glows for heat !
 What flames come from his eyes !
 'Tis blood that he does sweat,
 Blood his bright forehead dyes ;
 See, see ! it trickles down ;
 Look, how it showers amain !
 Through every pore
 His blood runs o'er,
 And empty leaves each vein,
 His very heart
 Burns in each part ;
 A fire his breast doth sear :
 For all this flame,
 To cool the same
 He only breathes a sigh, and weeps a tear.

CHRIST IN HIS PASSION.

WHAT bruises do I see !
 What hideous stripes are those !
 Could any cruel be
 Enough, to give such blows ?

Look, how they bind his arms
And vex his soul with scorns !

Upon his hair

They make him wear

A crown of piercing thorns.

Through hands and feet

Sharp nails they beat ;

And now the cross they rear :

Many look on ;

But only John

Stands by to sigh, Mary to shed a tear.

Why did he shake for cold ?

Why did he glow for heat ?

Dissolve that frost he could ;

He could call back that sweat.

Those bruises, stripes, bonds, taunts,

Those thorns, which thou didst see,

Those nails, that cross

His own life's loss,

Why, O why suffer'd he ?

'Twas for thy sake.

Thou, thou didst make

Him all those torments bear :

If then his love

Do thy soul move,

Sigh out a groan, weep down a melting tear.

FROM
POEMS,
BY
EDWARD SHERBURNE, Esq.

1651.

CHRISTO SMARRITO.

SIGHING, her sad heart fraught with fears,
Whilst from her eyes gush streams of tears,
Seeking again how to retrieve
Her little wand'ring fugitive,
Each where with weary steps doth rove,
The Virgin-Mother of lost love.
Like a sad turtle, up and down
She mourning runs thro' all the town :
With searching eyes she pries about
In ev'ry creek ; within, without,
Sticks at each place, looks o'er, and o'er ;
Searches where she had searched before :
Old Joseph following with sad face,
A heavy heart, and halting pace,

Thrice had the day been born i' th' east,
 As oft been buried in the west,
 Since the dear comfort of her eyes
 She miss'd ; yet still her search she plies.
 Each where she seeks with anxious care
 To find him out, yet knows not where.
 When the third morn she saw arose,
 And yet no beam of hope disclose ;
 Looking to heav'n, in these sad words
 She vent to her full grief affords.
 O my dear Lord ! Son of my womb !
 My joy, my love, my life, for whom
 These tears I shed ; on thee I call,
 But oh ! thou answer'st not at all.

Daughters of Sion ! you who stray
 With nimble feet upon the way,
 I beg of you, (if you can tell,)
 To shew me where my love doth dwell :
 Whose beauty with celestial rays,
 The light of paradise displays.
 Perhaps to you he is unknown ;
 Ah ! if you wish to hear him shown,
 I'll tell y' him ; snow, her whiteness seeks,
 Vermilion, blushes, from his cheeks :
 His eye a light more chaste discloses
 Than am'rous doves, his lips than roses.

Amber and gold shine in his hair
 (If gold, or amber may compare
 With that,) a beauty so divine,
 No tongue, pen, fant'sie can design.

Why break'st thou not, my soul, this chain
 Of flesh ? why lett'st thou that restrain
 Thy nimble flight into his arms,
 Whose only look with gladness charms ?
 But, alas ! in vain I speak to thee
 Poor soul ! already fled from me ;
 To seek out him in whose lov'd breast,
 Thy life, as mine in thee, doth rest.

Blest Virgin ! who in tears half drown'd,
 Griev'st that thy Son cannot be found ;
 The time will come when men shall hear thee
 Complain that he is too, too near thee.
 When in the midst of hostile bands
 With pierced feet, and nailed hands
 Advanc'd upon a cursed tree
 His naked body thou shalt see.
 Thy soul will then abhor the light,
 And think no grief worse than his sight.

But lo ! as thus she search'd, and wept,
 By chance she to the Temple stept,

Where her dear Son with joyful eyes
 Set 'mongst the Rabbins she espies.
 And as the light of some kind star
 To a distressed mariner,
 So his dear sight to her appears,
 Lost in this tempest of her fears.

But Oh ! what tongue can now impart
 The joy of her revived heart?
 Muse ! since too high for thy weak wing
 It is, contemplate what thou canst not sing.

FROM
P O E M S,
BY
WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT.

—
1611.—1643.
—

CONSIDERATION.

FOOL that I was, that little of my span,
Which I have sinn'd until it styles me man,
I counted life till now ; henceforth I'll say
'Twas but a drowsy ling'ring, or delay :
Let it forgotten perish, let none tell
That I then was ; to live, is to live well.
Off, then, thou old man, and give place unto
The ancient of days ; let him renew
Mine age like to the eagles, and endow
My breast with innocence ; that he whom thou
Hast made a man of sin, and subt'ly sworn
A vassal to thy tyranny, may turn
Infant again, and having all of child,
Want wit hereafter to be so beguil'd ;
O thou that art the way, direct me still
In this long tedious pilgrimage, and till
Thy voice be born, lock up my looser tongue,
He only is best grown that's thus turn'd young.

FROM
 THE MUSES' LOOKING-GLASS,
 BY
 THOMAS RANDOLPH.

—
 1605.—1634.
 —

AN EPITAPH UPON MISTRESS J. T.

READER, if thou hast a tear,
 Thou canst not choose but pay it here,
 Here lies modesty, meekness, zeal,
 Goodness, piety ; and to tell
 Her worth at once, one that had shown
 All virtues that her sex could own ;
 Nor dare my praise too lavish be,
 Lest her dust blush ; for so would she.
 Hast thou beheld in the spring's bow'rs
 Tender buds break to bring forth flowers ?
 So to keep virtue's stock, pale death
 Took her to give her infant breath ;
 Thus her accounts are well made even,
 She robb'd not earth, to add to heav'n.

FROM
P O E M S,
BY
JOHN MILTON,

—
1608.—1674.
—

GOD in the great assembly stands
Of kings and lordly states,
Among the Gods, on both his hands,
He judges and debates.

How long will ye pervert the right
With judgment false and wrong,
Favouring the wicked by your might,
Who thence grow bold and strong?

Regard the weak and fatherless,
Dispatch the poor man's cause,
And raise the man in deep distress
By just and equal laws.

Defend the poor and desolate,
And rescue from the hands
Of wicked men the low estate
Of him that help demands.

They know not, nor will understand,
 In darkness they walk on,
 The earth's foundations all are mov'd,
 And out of order gone.

I said that ye were gods, yea all
 The sons of God most high;
 But ye shall die like men, and fall
 As other princes die.

Rise God, judge thou the earth in might,
 This wicked earth redress,
 For thou art He, who shalt by right
 The nations all possess.

FROM

POEMS,

BY

FRANCIS BEAUMONT, GENT.

1615.

ON THE LIFE OF MAN.

LIKE to the falling of a star.
Or as the flights of eagles are,
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
Or silver drops of morning dew,
Or like a wind which chafes the flood,
Or bubbles that on water stood :
Ev'n such is man, whose borrow'd light
Is straight called in and paid to night :
The wind blows out, the bubble dies,
The spring entomb'd in autumn lies :
The dew's dried up, the star is shot,
The flight is past, and man forgot.

AN EPITAPH.

HERE she lies, whose spotless fame,
 Invites a stone to learn her name :
 The rigid Spartan who denied
 An epitaph to all that died,
 Unless for war, on charity
 Would here vouchsafe an elegy :
 She died a wife ; but yet her mind,
 Beyond virginity refin'd,
 From lawless fire remain'd as free,
 As now from heat her ashes be :
 Her husband, yet without a sin,
 Was not a stranger, but her kin,
 That her chaste love might seem no other
 To her husband than a brother.
 Keep well this pawn, thou marble chest,
 Till it be call'd for, let it rest ;
 For while this jewel here is set,
 The grave is like a cabinet.

FROM
 POEMS,
 BY
 JOHN CLEVELAND.

1658.

MARY'S SPIKENARD.

SHALL I presume
 Without perfume
 My Christ to meet
 That is all sweet !

No ! I'll make most pleasant posies,
 Catch the breath of new-blown roses ;
 Top the pretty merry flowers,
 Which laugh in the fairest bowers :
 Whose sweetness heaven likes so well,
 It stoops each morn to take a smell.
 Then I'll fetch from the Phoenix' nest
 The richest spices, and the best :
 Precious ointments I will make,
 Holy myrrh and aloes take ;
 Yea, costly spikenard, in whose smell
 The sweetness of all odours dwell.

I'll get a box to keep it in,
 Pure as his alabaster skin.
 And then to him I'll nimbly fly
 Before one sickly minute die :
 This box I'll break, and on his head,
 This precious ointment will I spread,
 Till ev'ry lock and every hair
 For sweetness with his breath compare :
 But sure the odour of his skin
 Smell sweeter than the spice I bring.

Then with bended knee I'll greet
 His holy and beloved feet ;
 I'll wash them with a weeping eye,
 And then my lips shall kiss them dry ;
 Or for a towel he shall have
 My hair, such flax as nature gave.

But if my wanton locks be bold,
 And on thy sacred feet take hold,
 And curl themselves about, as though
 They were loth for to let thee go,
 O chide them not, and bid away,
 For then for grief they will grow gray.

FROM

VAUGHAN'S SILEX SCINTILLANS.

1621.

THE SEARCH.

'Tis now cleare day : I see a rose
 Bud in the bright east, and disclose
 The Pilgrim-Sunne ; all night have I
 Spent in a roving extasie
 To find my Saviour ; I have been
 As far as Bethlem, and have seen
 His inne, and cradle ; being there
 I met the wise-men, askt them where
 He might be found, or what starre can
 Now point him out, grown up a man ?
 To Egypt hence I fled, ran o're
 All her parcht bosom to Nile's shore
 Her yearly nurse ; came back, enquir'd
 Amongst the doctors, and desir'd
 To see the Temple, but was shown
 A little dust, and for the town,
 A heap of ashes, where some said
 A small bright sparkle was a bed,

Which would one day (beneath the Pole,)
 Awake, and then refine the whole.
 Tyr'd here, I come to Sychar; thence
 To Jacob's Well, bequeathed since
 Unto his sonnes, (where often they
 In those calme, golden evenings lay
 Wat'ring their flocks, and having spent
 Those white dayes, drove home to the tent
 Their well-fleec'd traine;) and here (O fate!)
 I sit where once my Saviour sate;
 The angry spring in bubbles swell'd
 Which broke in sighs still as they fill'd,
 And whisper'd, "Jesus had been there"
 But "Jacob's children would not heare."
 Loath hence to part, at last I rise
 But with the fountain in my eyes,
 And here a fresh search is decreed
 He must be found where he did bleed.
 I walke the garden and there see
 Idæas of his agonie,
 And moving anguishments that set
 His blest face in a bloody sweat;
 I climb'd the hill, perus'd the crosse
 Hung with my gaine, and his great losse,
 Never did tree beare fruit like this,
 Balsam of soules, the bodye's blisse;
 But, oh! his grave! where I saw lent
 (For he had none) a monument;

An undefil'd, and new-hew'd one,
 But there was not the Corner-stone.
 Sure (then said I,) my quest is vaine,
 Hee'le not be found where he was slaine ;
 So mild a Lamb can never be
 'Midst so much blood, and crueltie ;
 I'll to the wilderness, and can
 Find beasts more merciful than man,
 He liv'd there safe, 'twas his retreat
 From the fierce Jew and Herod's heat ;
 And forty dayes withstood the fell,
 And high temptations of hell.
 With Seraphims there talked he
 His Father's flaming ministrie,
 He heav'nd their walks, and with his eyes
 Made those wild shades a paradise :
 Thus was the desert sanctified
 To be the refuge of his bride.
 I'll thither then ; see, it is day,
 The Sun's broke through to guide my way.
 But as I urg'd thus, and writ down
 What pleasures should my journey crown,
 What silent paths, what shades, and cells,
 Faire virgin-flowers, and hallow'd wells
 I should rove in, and rest my head
 Where my deare Lord did often tread,
 Sugring all dangers with successe,
 Me thought I heard one singing thus :—

1.

Leave, leave thy gadding thoughts; The skinne and shell of things
 Who pores,
 and spies,
 Still out of doores,
 descries
 Within them nought.

2.

Though faire,
 are not
 Thy wish, nor pray'r
 but got
 By meer despair
 of wings.

3.

To rack old elements
 or dust,
 and say
 Sure here he must
 needs stay,
 Is not the way,
 nor just.

Search well another world; who studies this,
 Travels in clouds; seeks Manna, where none is.

That they should seek the Lord, if happily they might feel after him, and finde him, tho' he be not far off from every one of us; for in him we live, and move, and have our being.—ACTS c. xvii. v. 27, 28.

MOUNT OF OLIVES.

SWEET sacred hill! on whose fair brow
 My Saviour sate, shall I allow

Language to love
 And idolize some shade, or grove,
 Neglecting thee? Such ill-plac'd wit,
 Conceit, or call it what you please
 Is the braines fit
 And meere disease;

Cotswold and Coopers both have met
 With learned swaines, and echo yet
 Their pipes, and wit ;
 But thou sleep'st in a deepe neglect
 Untouch'd by any ; and what neede
 The sheepe bleate thee a silly lay
 That heard'st both reede
 And sheepward play ?

Yet, if poets mind thee well
 They shall find thou art their hill,
 And fountaine too,
 Their Lord with thee had most to doe ;
 He wept once, walkt whole nights on thee,
 And from thence (his sufferings ended,)
 Unto gloorie
 Was attended ;

Being there, this spacious ball
 Is but his narrow footstoolle all,
 And what we thinke
 Unsearchable, now with one winke
 He doth comprise ; but in this aire
 When he did stay to beare our ill
 And sinne, this Hill
 Was then his chaire.

PEACE.

My soul, there is a Countrie
Far beyond the stars,
Where stands a winged centrie
All skilfull in the wars.
There above noise and danger
Sweet peace sits crown'd with smiles,
And One born in a manger
Commands the beauteous files.
He is thy gracious friend,
And (O my soul, awake !)
Did in pure love descend
To die here for thy sake.
If thou canst get but thither,
There growes the flowre of peace,
The rose that cannot wither,
Thy fortresse, and thy ease.
Leave then thy foolish ranges ;
For none can thee secure,
But One, who never changes,
Thy God, thy life, thy cure.

CHRIST'S NATIVITY.

AWAKE, glad heart! get up and sing,
It is the birth-place of thy King.

Awake! Awake!

The sun doth shake
Light from his locks, and all the way
Breathing perfumes, doth spice the day.

Awake, Awake! heark, how the wood rings,
Winds whisper, and the busie springs

A concert make;

Awake! Awake!

Man is their high-priest, and should rise
To offer up the sacrifice.

I would I were some bird, or star,
Flutt'ring in woods, or lifted far

Above this inne

And rode of sinne!

Then either star, or bird, should be
Shining, or singing still to thee.

I would I had in my best part
Fit roomes for thee ! or that my heart

Were so clean as

Thy manger was !

But I am all filth, and obscene,

Yet if thou wilt, thou canst make clean.

Sweet Jesu ! will then ; let no more

This leper haunt, and soyl thy door,

Cure him, ease him,

O release him !

And let once more by mystick birth

'The Lord of Life be borne in earth.

* * * *

THEY are all gone into the world of light !

And I alone sit ling'ring here ;

Their very memory is fair and bright,

And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy brest

Like stars upon some gloomy grove,

Or those faint beams in which this hill is drest,

After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
 Whose light doth trample on my days :
 My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,
 Mere glimering and decays.

O holy hope ! and high humility,
 High as the heavens above !
 These are your walks, and you have shew'd them
 me
 To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous death ! the jewel of the just,
 Shining no where but in the dark ;
 What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust ;
 Could man outlook that mark !

He that hath found some fledg'd birds nest, may
 know
 At first sight if the bird be flown ;
 But what fair well, or grove he sings in now,
 That is to him unknown.

And yet, as angels in some brighter dreams
 Call to the soul, when man doth sleep,
 So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted
 theams,
 And into glory peep.

If a star were confin'd into a tomb
 Her captive flames must needs burn there ;
 But when the hand that lockt her up, gives room,
 She'l shine thro' all the sphære.

O Father of eternal life, and all
 Created glories under thee !
 Resume thy spirit from this world of thrall
 Into true liberty.

Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill
 My perspective (still) as they pass,
 Or else remove one hence unto that hill
 Where I shall need no glass.

THE QUEER.*

O tell me whence that joy doth spring
 Whose diet is divine and fair,
 Which wears heaven, like a bridal ring,
 And tramples on doubts and despair ?

Whose eastern traffique deals in bright
 And boundless empyrean themes,
 Mountains of spice, day-stars and light,
 Green trees of life, and living streams ?

* Queer or Quere, a book. v. Jamieson.

Tell me, O tell who did thee bring
 And here, without my knowledge, plac'd,
 'Till thou didst grow and get a wing,
 A wing with eyes, and eyes that taste?

Sure, holiness the magnet is,
 And love the lure, that woos thee down;
 Which makes the high transcendent bliss
 Of knowing thee, so rarely known.

AN ODE
OF THE
BLESSED TRINITIE.

BY
SIR JOHN BEAUMONT, BART.

(Author of Bosworth-field.)

1629.

MUSE, that art dull and weake,
Opprest with worldly paine,
If strength in thee remaine,
Of things divine to speake,
Thy thoughts awhile from urgent cares restraine,
And with a chearful voice thy wonted silence breake.

No cold shall thee benumb,
Nor darknesse taint thy sight;
To thee new heate, new light,
Shall from this object come,
Whose praises if thou now wilt sound aright,
My pen shall give thee leave hereafter to be dumb.

Whence shall we then begin
 To sing, or write of this,
 Where no beginning is ?
 Or if we enter in,
 Where shall we end ? The end is endlesse bliss ;
 Thrice happy we, if well so rich a thread we spin.

For thee our strings we touch,
 Thou that art Three, and One ;
 Whose essence though unknowne,
 Believ'd is to be such
 To whom what ere we give, we give thine owne,
 And yet no mortal tongue can give to thee so much.

See how in vain we trie
 To find some type t' agree
 With this great One in Three,
 Yet can none such descrie ;
 If any like, or second were to thee,
 Thy hidden nature then were not so deep and high.

Here fail inferiour things :
 The Sun whose heate and light
 Make creatures warm and bright,
 A feeble shadow brings :
 The Sun shews to the world his Father's might,
 With glorious rayes ; from both our fire (the spirit)
 springs.

Now to this topless hill,
 Let us ascend more neare ;
 Yet still within the spheare
 Of our connat'rall skill,

We may behold how in our souls we beare
 An understanding pow'r join'd with effectual will.

We can no higher goe
 To search this point divine ;
 Here it doth chiefly shine,
 This image must it show :

These steps as helps our humble minds incline,
 T' embrace those certain grounds, which from true
 faith must flow.

To him these notes direct,
 Who not with outward hands,
 Nor by his strong commands,
 Whence creatures take effect,
 While perfectly himself he understands,
 Begets another self, with equal glory deckt.

From these, the spring of love,
 The Holy Ghost proceeds,
 Who our affection feeds ;
 With those cleare flames which move
 From that eternal essence which them breeds,
 And strike into our soules, as lightning from above.

Stay, stay, Parnassian Girle,
 Here thy descriptions faint !
 Thou human shapes can paint,
 And canst compare to pearle
 White teeth, and speak of lips which rubies taint,
 Resembling beauteous eyes to orbs that swiftly
 whirle :

But now thou mayst perceive
 The weaknesse of thy wings ;
 And that thy noblest strings
 To muddy objects cleave.
 Then praise with humble silence heav'nly things
 And what is more than this, to still devotion leave.

FROM
POEMS AND ELEGIES.

BY

DR. HENRY KING, BISHOP OF CHICHESTER.

1657.

THE DIRGE.

WHAT is th' existence of man's life?
But open war, or slumber'd strife.
Where sickness to his sense presents
The combat of the elements :
And never feels a perfect peace
Till death's cold hand signs his release.

It is a storm, where the hot blood
Out-vies in rage the boiling flood ;
And each loud passion of the mind
Is like a furious gust of wind,
Which beats his bark with many a wave
Till he casts anchor in the grave.

It is a flow'r which buds and grows,
And withers as the leaves disclose ;

Whose spring and fall faint seasons keep,
 Like fits of waking before sleep :
 Then shrinks into that fatal mould
 Where it's first being was enroll'd.

It is a dream, whose seeming truth
 Is moraliz'd in age and youth :
 Where all the comforts he can share
 As wand'ring as his fancies are ;
 Till in a mist of dark decay
 The dreamer vanish quite away.

It is a dial, which points out
 The sun-set as it moves about :
 And shadows out in lines of night
 The subtile stages of time's flight,
 Till all-obscuring earth hath laid
 The body in perpetual shade.

It is a weary interlude
 Which doth short joys, long woes include.
 The world the stage, the prologue tears,
 The acts vain hope, and vary'd fears :
 The scene shuts up with loss of breath,
 And leaves no epilogue but death.

FROM
FLAMMA SINE FUMO ;
 OR
POEMS WITOUT FICTIONS.

BY
ROWLAND WATKINS.

1662.

FAITH.

Fides famem non formidat.—BERN.

ALTHOUGH I am not pure nor white,
 But blacker than the shades of night,
 Altho' my sins in heaps do lie
 Like crimson red, or scarlet dye ;
 Yet through the grace of God, I know,
 I shall be white as wool, or snow.

Although my harp is tun'd to woe,
 And I, like pilgrims, mourning go,
 Although I feed on cares, like bread,
 And wash all night with tears my bed,
 Yet faith assures me, that my God,
 Will kiss me again, and burn his rod :

Although the Devil doth prepare,
And watch to take me in his snare ;
Though like a thief both night, and day
He thinks to steal my soul away ;
 Yet, like a bird, my soul shall fly
 Safe from the fowler's tyranny.

Though friends will not support my need,
But fail me like a broken reed,
Although they love but while 'tis fair,
And leave me in the troubled air ;
 Yet Christ, my rock, is firm in love,
 And nothing can this rock remove.

Though corruption is my father,
And although just death will gather
My body to the peaceful number
Of those, that in their graves do slumber,
 Though I am dust, yet thence I'll rise,
 And see my Saviour with these eyes.

THE PASSION OF CHRIST.

Vita mea fuit mors Christi; mors Christi vita mea est.

ADAM who names to creatures gave,
 Did in fair Eden's garden sin :
 Christ in a garden man to save,
 His bitter passion did begin.
 There did his sweat and drops abound,
 Yea drops of precious, holy blood ;
 Which trickled down unto the ground,
 And flowed like a crimson flood.
 There Judas did his Lord betray
 With a foul and deceitful kiss ;
 Dissemblers cast their souls away,
 Regarding not eternal bliss.
 From thence with lanthorns, staves, and swords,
 They led him like a wicked thief ;
 No faithful friend now aid affords,
 No angel ministers relief.
 To Annas then they brought the Lord ;
 The holy Lamb is strongly bound ;
 To murder him they all accord,
 In whom no guile or sin was found.
 He could these cords asunder break,
 His mighty hands did Heaven frame ;
 My sins did bind and make him weak,
 And subject unto pain and shame.

To Pilate's hall they brought him bound,
 For Pilate judgment was to give :
 The judge in him no evil found,
 But that he might in justice live.
 They did blindfold the God of Light,
 And struck the peaceful Prince of Love ;
 Though to the blind he gave their sight,
 Yet nothing could these tyrants move :
 They spit in his most glorious face
 Whose healing spittle cur'd the blind :
 Although he gave to sinners grace,
 Yet here he could no favour find :
 They twixt two thieves him crucify,
 Who did him mock, and basely scorn ;
 Between two thorns you might espy
 The Lily of the Vallies torn,
 This was our Saviour's nuptial-day,
 The bitter cross, his marriage-bed ;
 Where he his patient head down lay,
 His loving spouse, the church, to wed.
 With nails they pierce his hands and feet,
 And with a cruel spear his side ;
 From whence the sacraments most sweet,
 Like to a lively stream, did glide.
 At last he bow'd his head divine,
 All things were finish'd and complete ;
 His Spirit to God he did assign,
 And unto us his merits great.

FROM
THE WORKS
 OF
EDMUND WALLER, Esq.

1664.

TO MR. GEORGE SANDYS,

On his Translation of some parts of the Bible.

How bold a work attempts that pen,
 Which would enrich our vulgar tongue
 With the high raptures of those men,
 Who here with the same spirit sung,
 Wherewith they now assist the choir
 Of angels, who their songs admire !

Whatever those inspired souls
 Were urged to express, did shake
 The aged deep and both the Poles ;
 Their numerous thunder could awake
 Dull earth, which does with heav'n consent
 To all they wrote, and all they meant.

Say, sacred Bard ! what could bestow
 Courage on thee, to soar so high ?
 Tell me, brave friend ! what help'd thee so ?
 To shake off all mortality ?
 To light this torch, thou hast climb'd high'r
 Than he who stole celestial fire.

FROM

POEMS,

BY

MRS. KATHERINE PHILIPS,

'The Matchless Orinda.'

1667.

DEATH.

How weak a star doth rule mankind,
Which owes its ruin to the same
Causes which nature had design'd
To cherish and preserve the frame !

As commonwealths may be secure,
And no remote invasion dread ;
Yet may a sadder fall endure
From traitors in their bosom bred :

So while we feel no violence,
And on our active health do trust,
A secret hand doth snatch us hence,
And tumbles us into the dust.

Yet carelessly we run our race,
 As if we could death's summons wave;
 And think not on the narrow space
 Between a table and a grave.

But since we cannot death reprieve,
 Our souls and fame we ought to mind,
 For they our bodies will survive;
 That goes beyond, this stays behind.

If I be sure my soul is safe,
 And that my actions will provide
 My tomb a nobler epitaph,
 Than that I only liv'd and died.

So that in various accidents
 I conscience may, and honour keep;
 I with that ease and innocence
 Shall die, as infants go to sleep.

FROM
EPIGRAMS,
BY
RICHARD FLECKNOE.

—
1669.
—

IN CONTEMPLATION OF OUR BEESED SAVIOUR
CRUCIFIED.

O GOD! and would'st thou die for me!
And shall I nothing do for thee?
But still continue to offend,
So good a Lord, so dear a friend.
Had any prince done this for thee,
What wond'ring at it would there be!
But since 'tis God that does it, thou
Dost never wonder at it now.
Strange! that one should more esteem
A grace or gift that's given to him
By earthly kings, than what is given
Unto him by the King of Heaven!

FROM
POEMS AND SONGS,
BY
THOMAS FLATMAN.

1674.

A THOUGHT OF DEATH.

WHEN on my sick bed I languish,
Full of sorrow, full of anguish,
Fainting, gasping, trembling, crying,
Panting, groaning, speechless, dying,
My soul just now about to take her flight
Into the regions of eternal night ;

Oh tell me you
That have been long below,
What shall I do !

What shall I think, when cruel death appears,
That may extenuate my fears ?
Methinks I hear some gentle spirit say,
Be not fearful, come away !
Think with thyself that now thou shalt be free,
And find thy long expected liberty.

HYMN FOR THE MORNING.

AWAKE my soul ! Awake mine eyes !
Awake my drowsy faculties ;
Awake and see the new-born light
Spring from the darksome womb of night !
Look up and see th' unwearied sun,
Already has his race begun :
The pretty lark is mounted high,
And sings her matins in the sky.
Arise my soul ! and thou my voice
In songs of praise, early rejoice !
O great Creator ! Heavenly King !
Thy praises let me ever sing !
Thy power has made, thy goodness kept
This fenceless body while I slept,
Yet one day more hast given me
From all the powers of darkness free ;
O keep my heart from sin secure,
My life unblameable and pure,
That when the last of all my days is come,
Chearful and fearless I may wait my doom.

FROM
 THE WORKS
 OF
 ABRAHAM COWLEY.

1618.—1667.

THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE.

THE sacred tree midst the fair orchard grew ;
 The Phoenix truth did on it rest,
 And built his perfum'd nest.
 That right Porphyrian tree which did true logick
 shew,
 Each leaf did learned notions give,
 And th' apples were demonstrative.
 So clear their colour and divine,
 The very shade they cast did other lights outshine.

Taste not, said God ; 'tis mine and Angel's meat ;
 A certain death doth sit
 Like an ill worm i' th' core of it.

Ye cannot know and live, nor live or know and eat.
 Thus spoke God ; yet man did go
 Ignorantly, on to know ;
 Grew so more blind, and she
 Who tempted him to this, grew yet more blind than
 he.

The only science man by this did get,
 Was but to know he nothing knew :
 He straight his nakedness did view,
 His ign'rant poor estate, and was asham'd of it.
 Yet searches probabilities,
 And rhetoric and fallacies,
 And seeks by useless pride
 With slight and withering leaves that nakedness to
 hide.

Henceforth, said God, the wretched sons of earth
 Shall sweat for food in vain
 That will not long sustain,
 And bring with labour forth each fond abortive birth.
 That Serpent too, their pride,
 Which aims at things deny'd,
 That learn'd and eloquent lust
 Instead of mounting high, shall creep upon the dust.

REASON.

THE USE OF IT IN DIVINE MATTERS.

SOME blind themselves, 'cause possibly they may
 Be led by others the right way ;
 They build on sands ; which if unmov'd they find,
 'Tis but because there was no wind.
 Less hard 'tis, not to err ourselves, than know
 If our fore-fathers err'd or no.
 When we trust men concerning God, we then
 Trust not God concerning men.

Visions and inspirations some expect,
 Their course here to direct ;
 Like senseless chymists, their own wealth destroy,
 Imagining gold t' enjoy.
 So stars appear to drop to us from the sky,
 And gild the passage as they fly :
 But when they fall, and meet th' opposing ground,
 What but a sordid slime is found ?

Sometimes their fancies they 'bove reason set,
 And fast, that they may dream of meat.
 Sometimes ill sp'rits their sickly souls delude
 And bastard-forms obtrude.
 So Endor's wretched sorceress, although
 She Saul thro' his disguise did know,
 Yet when the dev'l comes up disguis'd, she cries,
 Behold, the Gods arise.

In vain, alas, these outward hopes are try'd ;
 Reason within 's our only guide,
 Reason, which (God be prais'd) still walks, for all
 It's old original fall ;
 And since itself the boundless Godhead join'd
 With a reasonable mind, .
 It plainly shows that mysteries divine,
 May with our reason join.

The Holy Book, like the eighth sphere, does shine
 With thousand lights of truth divine ;
 So numberless the stars that to the eye,
 It makes but all one galaxy.
 Yet reason must assist too, for in seas
 So vast and dangerous as these,
 Our course by stars above we cannot know,
 Without the compass too below.

Though Reason cannot thro' Faith's mysteries see,
 It sees that there, and such, they be ;
 Leads to heav'ns door, and there does humbly keep,
 And there through chinks and key-holes peep.
 Though it, like Moses, by a sad command
 Must not come into th' Holy Land,
 Yet thither it infallibly does guide,
 And from afar 'tis all descry'd.

ODE

ON THE SHORTNESS OF LIFE.

MARK that swift arrow how it cuts the air,
Now it outruns thy following eye,
Use all persuasions now, and try,
If thou canst call it back, or stay it there.
That way it went, but thou shalt find
No tract is left behind.
Fool, 'tis thy life, and the fond Archer thou !
Of all the time thou'st shot away
I'll bid thee fetch but yesterday,
And it shall be too hard a task to do.
Besides repentance, what canst find
That it hath left behind ?
Our life is carried with too strong a tide,
A doubtful cloud our substance bears,
And is the horse of all our years ;
Each day doth on a winged whirlwind ride,
We and our glass run out, and must
Both render up our dust.
But his past life who without grief can see,
Who never thinks his end too near,
But says to fame, thou art mine heir,
That man extends life's natural brevity :
This is, this is the only way
To out-live Nestor in a day.

FROM
 LYRIC POEMS,

BY
 PHILIP AYRES, Esq.

1687.

THE FRAILTY OF MAN'S LIFE.

THE life we strive to lengthen out,
 Is like a feather rais'd from ground ;
 Awhile in air 'tis tost about,
 And almost lost as soon as found ;

If it continue long in sight,
 'Tis sometimes high and sometimes low ;
 Yet proudly aims a tow'ring flight,
 To make the more conspicuous show.

The air with ease its weight sustains,
 Since 'tis by nature light, and frail ;
 Seldom in quiet state remains,
 For troops of dangers it assail.

And after various conflicts with its foes,
 It drops to earth, the earth from whence it rose.

ON GOOD FRIDAY.

WEEP this great day ! let tears o'erflow your eyes,
When Father gave his Son in sacrifice ;
This day for us his precious blood was spilt,
Whose dying made atonement for our guilt.

He on a cross, with shame, gave up his breath,
Ev'n he who could not die, did suffer death ;
Closing his eyes, to heav'n he op'd a way,
And gave those life who then expiring lay.

Death did against our souls those arms prepare,
But he the fury of the conflict bare ;
To guard our lives his body was the shield,
And by our Gen'ral's fall, we gain the field.

When graves shall open, temple's vail be torn,
The el'ments weep, and heav'ns themselves shall
mourn ;

O hearts more hard than stones, not to relent !
May we shed pious tears, and of our sins repent.

POEMS

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS,

BY

CHARLES COTTON, Esq.

Died 1687.

HYMN ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

RISE, happy mortals, from your sleep
 Bright Phosphor now begins to peep,
 In such apparel as ne'er dress'd
 The proudest day-break of the east:
 Death's sable curtain 'gins disperse,
 And now the blessed morn appears,
 Which has long'd and pray'd for him
 So many centuries of years,
 To defray the arrears of sin.
 Now thro' the joyful universe,
 Beams of mercy and of love
 Shoot forth comfort from above,
 And choirs of angels do proclaim
 The holy Jesus' blessed name.

Rise shepherds, leave your flocks, and run,
 The soul's great shepherd now is come ;
 Oh ! wing your tardy feet and fly
 To greet this dawning majesty :
 Heaven's messenger, in tidings bless'd
 Invites you to the sacred place,
 Where the blessed Babe of joy,
 Wrapp'd in his holy Father's grace,
 Comes the Serpent to destroy,
 That lurks in every human breast.
 To Judah's Beth'lem turn your feet,
 There you shall salvation meet ;
 There, in a homely manger hurl'd,
 Lies the Messias of the world.

Riding upon the morning's wings,
 The joyful air salvation sings,
 Peace upon earth, to'wards men good-will,
 Echoes from ev'ry vale and hill ;
 For why, the Prince of peace is come,
 The glorious Infant, who this morn
 (By a strange mysterious birth,)
 Is of his Virgin-mother born,
 To redeem the seed of earth
 From foul rebellion's heavy doom.
 Travel Magi of the east,
 To adore this sacred guest ;
 And offer up (with reverence,)
 Your gold, your myrrh, and frankincense.

At th' teeming of this blessed womb
 All nature is one joy become ;
 The fire, the earth, the sea, and air,
 The great salvation do declare :
 The mountains skip with joy's excess,
 The ocean's briny billows swell
 O'er the surface of their lands,
 And at this sacred miracle
 Floods do clap their liquid hands,
 Joy's inundation to express ;
 Babes spring in the narrow rooms
 Of their tender mother's wombs,
 And all for triumph of the morn
 Wherein the Child of bliss was born.

Let each religious soul then rise
 To offer up a sacrifice,
 And on the wings of pray'r and praise
 His grateful heart to heaven raise ;
 For this, that in a stable lies,
 This poor neglected Babe is he,
 Hell and death that must controul,
 And speak the blessed word, ' be free,'
 To ev'ry true believing soul :
 Death has no sting, nor hell no prize
 Through his merits great, whilst we
 Travel to eternity,
 And with the blessed angels sing
 Hosannahs to the Heav'nly King.

CHORUS.

Rise then, O rise ! and let your voices
Tell the spheres the soul rejoices.
In Beth'lem this auspicious morn,
The glorious Son of God is born :
The Child of glory, Prince of peace,
Brings mercy that will never cease,
Merits that wipe away the sin
Each human soul was forfeit in ;
And washing off the fatal stain,
Man to his Maker knits again :
Join then your grateful notes, and sing
Hosannahs to the Heavenly King.

MIDNIGHT AND DAILY THOUGHTS.

BY

SIR WILLIAM KILLIGREW.

 Born 1604.—Died 1690.

ON LOST TIME.

It is our business every day
 To pass the time we cannot stay ;
 This minute's mine, but it is gone
 Past call, while it is thinking on.
 'Tis pleasant and we think it fine,
 To spend our time on a design
 To get some honour, and increase
 Our wealth, till the hour of our decease ;
 Not using what we do possess,
 In hopes to gain more happiness.
 Thus for some nothing, or a toy,
 We lose the time we might enjoy :
 So that indeed we do believe,
 And only dream that we do live.
 To be thus vain, and thus profuse
 Of time, admits of no excuse ;
 While our desires do still make room
 For some new pleasure that's to come,

Wishing more wings to time for haste ;
Not thinking how ourselves do waste,
How much we lose, how little gain,
When we our wishes do obtain ;
Till age and our experience, brings
Our souls to long for heavenly things ;
Which is the sure and only way
To call time ours, make it obey
Our wishes, and in some degree
May join time to eternity.

A DREAM.

METHOUGHT I heard a beggar cry,
I would to God, that I might die ;
It were much better I were dead,
Than to feel hunger, and want bread ;
Methought I heard some young men say,
Their pleasures spar'd no time to pray ;
And rich men boast their constant health
Might live according to their wealth.
Methought I heard a sick man groan,
Who did for pain long life bemoan.
And often seen decrepid age,
In wantonness themselves engage ;
Yet shake to hear his servants tell,
The bells do ring his neighbour's knell :
When his next apoplectic fit
May end his days and spoil his wit.
Methought I saw a wanton lass
Grown old, now looking in her glass,
Bewail long life, yet still was proud
To wear gay clothes, and talk aloud,
How beautiful herself had been,
And merry days foretime had seen.
Thus I did search with hope to find,
Some soul so wise, and so refin'd

From carnal thoughts, as to repent
 Their crimes ; and 'scape due punishment.
 Who live as if there were no God,
 Or if there be, fear not his rod,
 Such vicious natures to correct,
 Nor power, men's virtues to protect.
 Much less eternal bliss for a reward,
 To them that do his will, and laws regard.
 Unhappy men, who do delay to try
 The joy those find, that live prepar'd to die

FROM
EX OTIO NEGOTIUM.

BY
R. FLETCHER.

1656.

EASTER-DAY.

How ! all the guard reliev'd ? the Romans fled ?
 Those Basilisks that seeing conquered ?
 Heav'n back my faith ! what glorious apparition
 Shines in the vault ? what angel-like condition
 Of soldiers do I see ? surely my fear
 Trebles the object, 'tis the Gardiner.
 Flow out my tears : th' have stolen the Lord away,
 Come view the place whereas his body lay.
 But yet behold the napkin, and the cloaths
 Wrapped by themselves ! in vain you take your oaths
 Hard hearted Jews ; for O ! He's ris'n and gone.
 Why stand you gazing ? what d'ye dote upon ?
 " Peace be unto you ! " O now I hear his voice !
 Run Peter ! that thy spirit may rejoice.

A greater Star than that out of the East,
 Which led the wise-men, rises in my breast.
 See where He rides in triumph ! Hell and Death
 Dragg'd at his chariot wheels, the powers beneath
 Made grov'ling captives, all their trophies bring
 Slaves to the laurels of the glorious King.
 Nay sin, and the dull grave make up the crowd
 Though base, yet all pris'ners at war allow'd.

Ride on, brave Prince of souls ! enlarge thy bays !
 'Tis thy own work alone to kill and raise ;
 Dying to vanquish death, and by thy fall
 To be the resurrection of us all.

Flow hither, all believers ! ye that sow
 In tears, and in a veil but darkly know,
 Stretch hither the distrustful hand, and feel
 Th' impressions of the nails and barbed steel.
 But yet forbear ; his word must be attended,
 " Touch me not, for I am not yet ascended."
 However, feast your eyes, behold the star
 Of Jacob, Israel's deliverer.

This boon to begging Moses he'd not give,
 But now frail man may " see his God and live."

Here's extacy of joy enough, that when
 Our sins conspired with ungodly men

To crucify the Lord of life, and kill
 His innocency by our doing ill,
 He yet survives the gall of bitterness,
 Nor was his soul forsaken in distress,
 But having led captivity in chains
 He burst the bonds of Death, and lives, and reigns.
 And this revives our souls; there's yet again
 A monarchy beyond the reach of men.

HOLY THURSDAY.

As when the glorious Sun, veil'd and disguis'd,
 (As by the shadows of the night surpriz'd,)
 Disrobes his sable dress, and reassumes
 The beauty of its splendour from the tombs
 And vaults of darkness, mounts the dappled skies,
 And guilds the heav'nly wardrop as he flies :
 So here the majesty of God conceal'd
 Under a mortal mantle, unreveal'd
 Till the predestin'd day of its disclose,
 Sublim'd its earth, and in full lustre rose,
 Joy'd with the shouts of angels, and the quire
 Of cherubims made happier to admire.

Methinks I hear the arched spheres resound
 The Pœans of the saints, and give them round
 The tyres of heaven, like claps of thunder roll'd
 From pole to pole, and doubled as they fold,
 Such a diffusive glory, that we see
 Each saint triumphant in his victorie.

But is he gone for ever from our eyes ?
 Will he no more return ? shall we not rise ?
 Or must that cloud that clos'd him from our sight,
 Stand a partition wall between the light
 Of his eternal day and our dull shades ?
 O that's a horror kills as it invades !

No : there's a hope yet left, a sure record
 Of mercy undeniable ; his word
 Nay more, his faithful promise : "I'll not leave
 You comfortless." And can the Lord deceive ?
 See there his hand and seal : and if you please
 T' admit the voice of angels to increase
 An infant faith,—“As you have seen Him go
 So shall He come again :” believe it so.
 Rejoice then, O my soul, that as thou art
 Rescued from death, and glorified in part,
 So thy Redeemer lives, and that He's gone
 Hence to prepare thy heavenly mansion.
 And when the trembling hearts of them that slew
 And pierc'd his precious body, quake to view
 The terror of his glorious return,
 When time shall be no more, the heavens burn,
 Earth crumble into ashes, and the dead
 Wak'd by the Archangel's voice dissepulchred,
 And catch'd up in the clouds, thy greater bliss
 Shall meet thy sweet Redeemer with a kiss,
 And with their eyes his glitt'ring court survey
 In all the garb of that triumphant day.

Yet so demean thyself in this his dear
 And pitied absence, as if present here,
 That at his second coming, sans all grudge,
 He may return thy Saviour as thy Judge.

Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, &c.

MATT ix. 28.

MOST great and glorious God! how sweet, how free
Is thy kind invitation! but ay me

The clogs of sin

So rein me in,

And black shame, mix'd with guilt, restrains my will,

From all designs but doing ill,

So that I tremble to approach thy throne,

And tread the courts of the most Holy One.

But yet thy call's so powerfully good,

So pressing, that 'tis death if once withstood.

Nor is it less

To tempt thy holiness.

In this extreme, this straight, what shall I do?

I'd come, but be accepted to:

But O! my loud-tongu'd sins so fill the air,

They'll bar up heav'n against my cry and prayer.

Yet wherefore should I doubt? 'Tis not the call
Of cherubims, or aught angelical;

'Tis He, 'tis He!

That in that extasie

Of fear, to sinking Peter reach'd his hand,

And snatch'd him from the grave to land:

Jehovah! He that tries the reins, and sees

Our wounds and moans, our deep infirmities.

Shall I then with poor Adam strive to hide
My nakedness with leaves? or slip aside?

Oh no! He spies my way,

By night as by noon-day;

Darkness cannot exclude Him, nor the shade

Of hell from what his hands have made;

He knows our thoughts, ev'n long before they were,

And when those lips bid come, can there be fear?

But O! 'tis said He's a consuming fire;

But O! 'tis sure he now lays bye his ire:

He thunders out

With trumpet's shout

No judgment from Mount Sinai: but a still

Soft voice of love and free good will.

He that appear'd then in a warlike dress,

Seeks now the stray sheep in the wilderness.

Put off thy terrors then great God, and I

Shall humbly prostrate at thy foot-stool lie;

And there bemoan,

With many a groan

And bitter tear, my sinful sins to thee,

To thee alone canst pardon me.

O shut not up thy mercy in disdain,

Nor yet remember my old sins again!

Receive me then, but with that kind regret

The good old man his prodigal child met,

Who as 't appears
 Divided betwixt joy and tears
 Ran and embrac'd, and kiss'd his drooping son,
 In all points now undone,
 But that rich treasure of a father's love,
 Which ne'er could be exhausted, nor remove.

Such bowels of compassion, Lord, put on!
 Such pregnant yearnings of affection!

Then hear my cry,
 And heal my malady.

Though I have sinn'd, yet Christ hath satisfied.
 O judge not! for 'tis He that dyed.
 But hear the voice of his still streaming gore
 Which calls to Thee for mercy more and more.

O! then accept my heavy laden soul;
 Crush'd with the burden of her sins, so foul

She dares not brook
 Once up to look;

But drown'd in tears presumes to come on board,
 And for this once to take thy word;
 If I at last prove shipwreck'd for my pain
 I'll never venture soul more so again.

FROM
THE WORKS
OF
JOHN DRYDEN.

—
1631.—1701.
—

VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS,
PARAPHRASED.

CREATOR Spirit, by whose aid,
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come visit every pious mind ;
Come pour thy joys on human kind ;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make thy temples worthy thee.

O source of uncreated light,
The Father's promis'd Paraclete !
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
Our hearts with heav'nly love inspire ;
Come, and thy sacred unction bring
To sanctify us, while we sing.

Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy sev'n-fold energy !

Thou strength of his almighty hand,
 Whose pow'r does heaven and earth command.
 Proceeding spirit, our defence,
 Who dost the gifts of tongues dispense,
 And crown'st thy gift with eloquence !

Refine and purge our earthly parts ;
 But, oh, inflame and fire our hearts !
 Our frailties help, our vice controul,
 Submit the senses to the soul ;
 And when rebellious they are grown,
 Then lay thy hand, and hold 'em down.

Chace from our minds th' infernal foe,
 And peace, the fruit of love, bestow ;
 And lest our feet should step astray,
 Protect and guide us in the way.
 Make us eternal truths receive,
 And practice all that we believe :
 Give us thy self, that we may see
 The Father and the Son, by thee.

Immortal honour, endless fame,
 Attend th' Almighty Father's name :
 The Saviour Son be glorify'd,
 Who for lost man's redemption dy'd :
 And equal adoration be,
 Eternal Paraclete, to thee.

FROM
 MISCELLANY POEMS,
 BY
 THOMAS HEYRICK,

Of Peter-House, Cambridge.

1691.

ON A ROBIN-RED-BREAST,

That for many years built and dwelt in a Church.

PROUD man with high conceits doth swell,
 And wonders of 's own worth doth tell:
 Vainly believes, that he alone
 Hath any notion of religion.
 But they, blest Bird, that hear thy songs, believe
 The truest devotion in thy breast doth live.
 No envy, pride, or discontent dwells there;
 No factious interest, mean designs, or fear,
 Nor do hypocrisy thy actions wear.

Angels are said their prayers to join
 With holy men in acts divine:
 Thou mak'st the chorus, when we pray,
 And when we praise, thou sing'st thy cheerful lay.

To highest flights thy warm devotion goes,
Thou op'st the morning, and the day dost close.
Thou by thy carols own'st a Deity,
To th' altar dost for sanctuary fly,
And wisest men can only follow thee.

And if those ancient dreams be true,
That souls thro' many changes go ;
Some pious mind, that wanted rest,
Came and took up thy zealous, flaming breast.
We here below with mists and errors deal,
What language angels speak, there's none can tell ;
Nor know we, but those airs, that pleas'd our soul,
That did in high seraphic numbers roll,
Might be some Hallelujah, thou had'st stole.

FROM
 MISCELLANY POEMS,
 BY
 ANNE, COUNTESS OF WINCHELSEA.

 1713.

PSALM CXXXvii.

Paraphrased to the 7th verse.

PROUD Babylon! Thou saw'st us weep;
 Euphrates, as he pass'd along,
 Saw, on his banks, the sacred throng
 A heavy, solemn mourning keep.
 Sad captives to thy sons, and thee,
 When nothing but our tears were free!

A song of Sion they require,
 And from the neighb'ring trees to take
 Each man his dumb, neglected lyre,
 And chearful sounds on them awake;
 But chearful sounds the strings refuse,
 Nor will their master's griefs abuse.

How can we, Lord, thy praise proclaim,
Here, in a strange unhallow'd land!
Lest we provoke them to blaspheme
A Name, they do not understand;
And with rent garments, that deplore
Above whate'er we felt before.

But thou, Jerusalem, so dear!
If thy lov'd image e'er depart,
Or I forget thy suff'rings here;
Let my right hand forget her art;
My tongue her vocal gift resign,
And sacred verse no more be mine?

THE HYMN.

To the Almighty on his radiant throne,

Let endless Hallelujahs rise !

Praise Him, ye wondrous heights to us unknown,

Praise Him, ye heavens unreach'd by mortal eyes,

Praise Him, in your degree, ye sublunary skies !

Praise Him, ye angels that before him bow,

Yon creatures of celestial frame,

Our guests of old, our wakeful guardians now,

Praise Him, and with like zeal our hearts inflame,

Transporting then our praise to seats from whence
you came !

Praise Him, thou sun in thy meridian force ;

Exalt Him all ye stars and light !

Praise Him, thou moon in thy revolving course,

Praise Him, thou gentler guide of silent night,

Which does to solemn praise, and serious thoughts
invite.

Praise Him, ye humid vapours, which remain

Unfrozen by the sharper air ;

Praise Him, as your return in showers again,

To bless the earth and make her pastures fair :

Praise Him, ye climbing fires, the emblems of our
pray'r.

Praise Him, ye waters petrifi'd above,
 Ye shredded clouds that fall in snow,
 Praise Him, for that you so divided move;
 Ye hailstones, that you do not larger grow,
 Nor, in one solid mass, oppress the world below.

Praise Him, ye soaring fowls. still as you fly,
 And on gay plumes your bodies raise;
 You insects, which in dark recesses lie,
 Altho' th' extremest distances you try,
 Be reconcil'd in this, to offer mutual praise.

Praise him, thou earth, with thy unbounded store;
 Ye depths which to the centre tend:
 Praise Him, ye beasts which in the forests roar;
 Praise Him, ye serpents, tho' you downwards bend,
 Who made your bruised head our ladder to ascend.

Praise Him, ye men whom youthful vigour warms,
 Ye children, hast'ning to your prime;
 Praise Him, ye virgins of unsullied charms,
 With beauteous lips becoming sacred rhyme:
 Ye aged, give Him praise for your increase of time.

Praise Him, ye monarchs in supreme command,
 By anthems, like the Hebrew kings;
 Then with enlarged zeal throughout the land,
 Reform the numbers and reclaim the strings,
 Converting to His praise, the most harmonious things

Ye senators presiding by our choice,
 And you, hereditary peers !
 Praise Him, by union both in heart and voice ;
 Praise Him, who your agreeing council steers,
 Producing sweeter sounds than the according
 spheres.

Praise Him, ye native altars of the earth !
 Ye mountains of stupendous size !
 Praise Him, ye trees and fruits which there have
 birth,
 Praise Him, ye flames that from their bowels rise,
 All fitted for the use of grateful sacrifice.

He spake the word ; and from the chaos rose
 The forms and species of each kind :
 He spake the word, which did their law compose,
 And all with never ceasing order join'd,
 Till ruff'd for our sins by his chastising wind.

But now, you storms, that have your fury spent,
 As you his dictates did obey,
 Let now your loud and threat'ning notes relent,
 Tune all your murmurs to a softer key,
 And bless that gracious hand, that did your pro-
 gress stay.

From my contemn'd retreat, obscure and low,
 As grots from whence the winds disperse,
 May this his praise as far extended flow ;
 And if that future time shall read my verse,
 Tho' worthless in itself, let them his praise rehearse.

LINES
 WRITTEN UNDER THE PORTRAIT
 OF
 EDWARD VI.

BY THE EDITOR.

“ EDWARD, the Royal Child, the pious Saint,
 Who pure religion did in Albion plant.
 CRANMER, the third blessed image did appear,
 CRANMER, to Edward, and to Albion dear.
 Whose early care imbued the royal youth
 With piety divine, and heavenly truth.
 Who thro’ the isle diffus’d celestial light,
 Dispell’d infernal fogs, and Roman night.
 Long rev’rend garments white as snow, he wore,
 This hand a bible, that a crosier bore.
 His Martyr’s Crown did dazzling beams display,
 A Crown of Light condens’d, and solid, ponderous day,”

Sir R. Blackmore’s Eliza, p. 274.

LET others sing of Cressy’s field,
 Or what the glittering laurels yield,
 Which the old Plantagenet,
 In blood of Agincourt hath set :
 Let them hymn in song or tale,
 Him too of the sable mail.—
 They of beauty’s dainty bower
 May tell, or of the stately tower

That ambition buildeth high,
 Up into the starry sky :
 Sweetest child ! oh, be it mine
 To partake thy praise divine,
 Borrowing from thy gentle story
 Themes of far a higher glory,
 Richer palms of triumph thou
 Wearest on thy pensive brow ;
 The sweet blossoms of delight
 That spread around thy forehead bright,
 Nurst in pure and spotless dew,
 That thy sires never knew ;
 A gentler ministry was thine
 A sceptre, and a sway divine.

Mark with what a gesture meek,
 What triumph on his youthful cheek,
 Him though crown and sceptre own,
 He steppeth from his kingly throne.
 What a mild and pensive grace,
 Dawns upon young Edward's face,
 While to Cranmer's saintly brow
 He lifts his thoughtful eye ; and now
 Such a smile of sweet content
 On aged Ridley he has bent,
 That o'er his old and furrow'd cheek,
 Tears of holy triumph break :
 Of the venerable pair
 The child, besure, the love doth share.

Joining with his their aged hands.
 So a youthful angel stands
 (As in hallow'd writ is told)
 Betwixt two faithful patriarchs old.
 What sweet, winning looks, and mild,
 What gentle deeds are with the child.
 Like a golden cloud he rests
 To cheer, though late, their wintry breasts :
 Richest empery he finds
 Ruling good, and holy minds.

Behold an aged temple stand ;
 That the Norman's mailed hand,
 In days of old, and far away,
 Rear'd : e'en now it's turrets grey
 With cope, and cornice, by the stream
 Of Thames, in moon-light shadows gleam,
 And richest showers of crimson light
 Morn flings across its oriel bright.—
 There onward to the hallow'd shrine
 I see them move ;—in awe divine
 With a heaven-enkindled look,
 He opes the long unclasped book.
 His little crown he lays aside
 And his regal weeds of pride,
 And there kneeling reverently,
 With uplifted hand doth pray,

Apart from all.—And turning then
 To those good and aged men ;
 He with reverend awe consigns
 Into their faithful hands, the lines
 And book of life.—The while a streak,
 O'er his pale, and thoughtful cheek,
 Of heavenly triumph dawns.—“ Oh ! take
 (He says) “ this living bread, and break,
 “ And to my hungry people give
 “ It's strength, that they may eat, and live.”

Look ! what a meek, and tender grace,
 What saintly love was on his face,
 And his youthful temples round
 Like a lambent glory crown'd.
 With a sweet and winning awe
 From those gentle lips the law
 Hath passed.—What gladness seems to glow,
 What a peaceful triumph now
 Is achiev'd.—The kingly boy
 Hath his ministry of joy :
 In her realms of thought below,
 Earth no richer sight could show ;
 And if some tender drops around,
 In that dear hour, perchance were found
 On aged eyes, it was delight
 Of hearts dilating in their might.

For all is done.—Or if delay
 Come to thwart him in his way ;
 In his thoughtful depths of mind
 He has patient hope resign'd,
 And his temper'd looks serene
 Speak of strength, and power unseen,
 Of a holy calm that broods
 O'er his heart's deep solitudes,
 And of soft submissive will
 In quiet trust believing still,
 Like some sweet brooklet, that alone
 Flows with fountains of it's own.
 Perhaps heaven gives, in solemn thought
 That he may look o'er years remote.
 When in fadeless glory bright,
 From the golden gates of light,
 He shall see in vision plain
 His sweet Sister's maiden reign :
 After nights of troublous fear,
 See her chaste lamp burning clear ;
 And the angels showering down
 Lilies on her virgin crown.

Many tenderest tears distill'd
 For thee, and lovely eyes were fill'd,
 But chiefly her's ; who, of thy mind
 The twin-image left behind.
 When disease it's home did seek
 In thy pale, and wasted cheek,

Her fair forehead thou hast kist,
 And her little hands hast prest
 In thy slender grasp.—“ My own,
 “ My lov’d one, thou upon the throne
 “ Shalt rule ; and though a gloomy scene
 “ Of ill, perchance may intervene
 “ And many griefs : yet faithful be
 “ And strong ; thy brother’s heart with thee
 “ Shall ever live, and good men’s prayers
 “ Will breathe upon thee, like the airs
 “ Of summer.—O’er the parched earth
 “ As orient dew shall be thy birth.
 “ Then to thy heart this signet-ring
 “ Will faithful pledge, and promise bring.
 “ Like Israel’s daughters, chaste, and fair,
 “ Sit thou on the righteous chair.
 “ Dearest, youngest, thou shalt shine
 “ A star of love, and light divine.
 “ Oh ! ever constant I shall find
 “ To me, thy noble, gentle mind.
 “ Hope, and truth shall by thy side
 “ Lead thee, as with banners wide :
 “ And love with faithful staff, thy door
 “ Guard, when I shall be no more.”—

Sweetest blossom from the bough
 Ne’er untimelier fell than thou ;
 In thy soft, and early way
 Gliding from the realms of day

With beauteous trails of light—a stream
 Of pure and holy thoughts, a gleam
 Of joy unquenchable, a grace
 That nothing earthly could deface.
 Cruel song! how couldst thou tell
 That the child untimely fell,
 Like a flower of nature's pride,
 Drank the morning dew, and died ;
 That one, who born for endless time,
 Perish'd in his youth's sweet prime ?
 Rather say his little life
 Crowded ages in the strife
 'Twixt contending years, who best
 And earliest, to his native rest
 Might him lead, for he has done
 His master's will ; beside is none,
 Task, or labour ; let him fly
 To his mansions in the sky.

Oh ! sainted child ! oh ! early wise !
 To thy home within the skies
 Thou hast gone ;—on thee the love
 Of angel eyes will beam above ;
 For that within the purest shrine
 Of thy heart, in trust divine,
 Thou didst walk the earth, until
 Finish'd was thy master's will,
 And the soul of man set free
 In every prayer doth tell of thee.

What blessings hath his bounteous hand
 Shower'd o'er this benighted land,
 O'er town, and hamlet.—Spade and plough
 Richer heritage have now.
 Far and wide, o'er bower, and hall,
 Doth the dew of knowledge fall.
 Sweet light ! sweet Sunrise ! all is gay,
 Like dawns of a nuptial day,
 When some beauteous lady bright,
 In fairest gardens for delight,
 With all richest flowers, and rare
 Decketh out her golden hair.—
 A gentle fountain now doth ope
 It's twin-birth of joy, and hope,
 Brighter to the awaken'd sun
 The glad streamlet seems to run :
 And along the flowery leas,
 Breathes a softer, gentler breeze.
 With a Promethèan heat
 The pulse of nature 'gins to beat,
 'Tis joy, that makes each little rill
 It's unchained current now to fill,
 'Tis the heart of man that sheds
 Light on the grey mountain-heads.
 Gentle earth ! how at thy call
 Bright dews, and flowery garlands fall !
 'Mid them, upspringeth new born love ;
 That like a sweet, and silver dove,

By some fair well, or fount doth play,
 In woody depths, and far away.
 And thy own sweet England ! she
 In her inmost chambers free;
 From the glittering pinnacle
 Of each temple-crowned hill,
 From rocky caverns ; and apart
 In the valley's lonely heart,
 To her chalky cliffs around
 Sends the soul-awakening sound.
 Mountains ! lift your awful voice,
 And ye aged floods rejoice !
 Like a watch tower, every hill
 Doth answer, and keep sentinell.
 Let old fears depart ! and now
 Time shall clear his furrow'd brow,
 Through the iron gates of strife
 And warfare, Hope hath burst to life,
 To the golden eye of day,
 Singing sweet her morning lay.

Look ! abroad ! how grange, and fold
 Other countenance do hold.
 Go forth ! they cry, oh ! voice divine
 Go ! fearless from the sacred shrine,
 In convent gloom, in hermit's cell,
 In cloister'd walls no more to dwell !
 Rich inheritance his hands
 Have bequeathed to distant lands.

See the tree of knowledge shoot
 Forth it's young and glittering fruit,
 While a softer, gentler air
 Is heard amid the forest fair.
 And a new-awaken'd spring
 Brighter garlands seems to fling
 Far and wide.—With sweeter smile
 O'er each green and ocean isle
 A light hath broke,—along the sea
 Sailing in calm, and fairest lea
 A bright ship is seen,—it's fraught
 Hath the exulting vessel brought
 To crowded shores. There mutely down
 The savage lays his feathery crown,
 And with deep, awaken'd awe
 Receives a purer, gentler law :
 O'er his lone woods, and wizard streams,
 The star of Sion sheds it's beams.

Oh ! pledge of love ! my faithful song
 Shield it now from jealous wrong.
 Let not envy's canker'd tooth
 Nor hate deform the noble youth.
 Monarchs in the antique stories
 Happy be they with their glories.
 But robes of saintlier lustre bright
 And fadeless crowns are his, by right,
 For his store of early worth ;
 And a heart that from it's birth

Cradled though in kingly state,
 To other thoughts was dedicate.
 Nature pleading from the breast
 Of man, at length has found her rest.
 The music of the evening dell
 And each sabbath chime doth tell
 Of him.—The infant child who lays
 His little hand in prayer and praise ;
 And he before whose aged eyes
 Long sought, the treasur'd volume lies :—
 Grey wither'd eld, and infancy,
 And widow'd love, with pensive eye,
 All the inmates of the earth,
 Young Edward, bless thy kingly birth,
 Thee in love, in mercy given,
 Dearest, purest child of heaven.

DEO. OPT. MAX. GLORIA.

THE END.

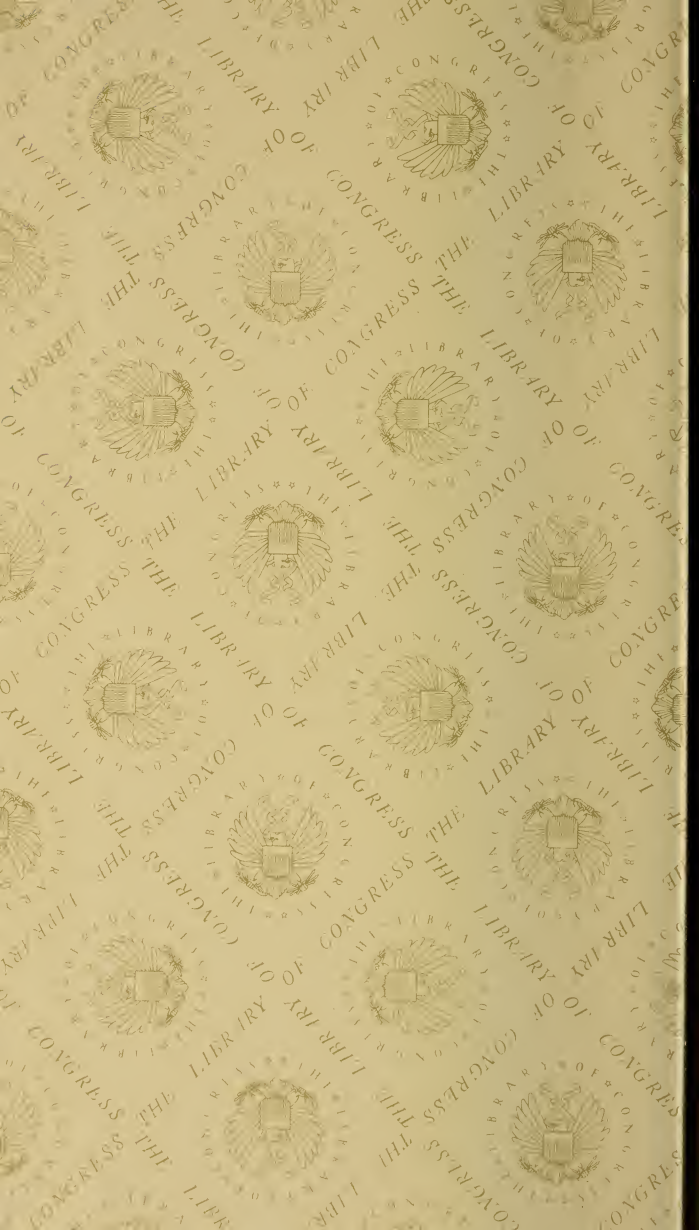
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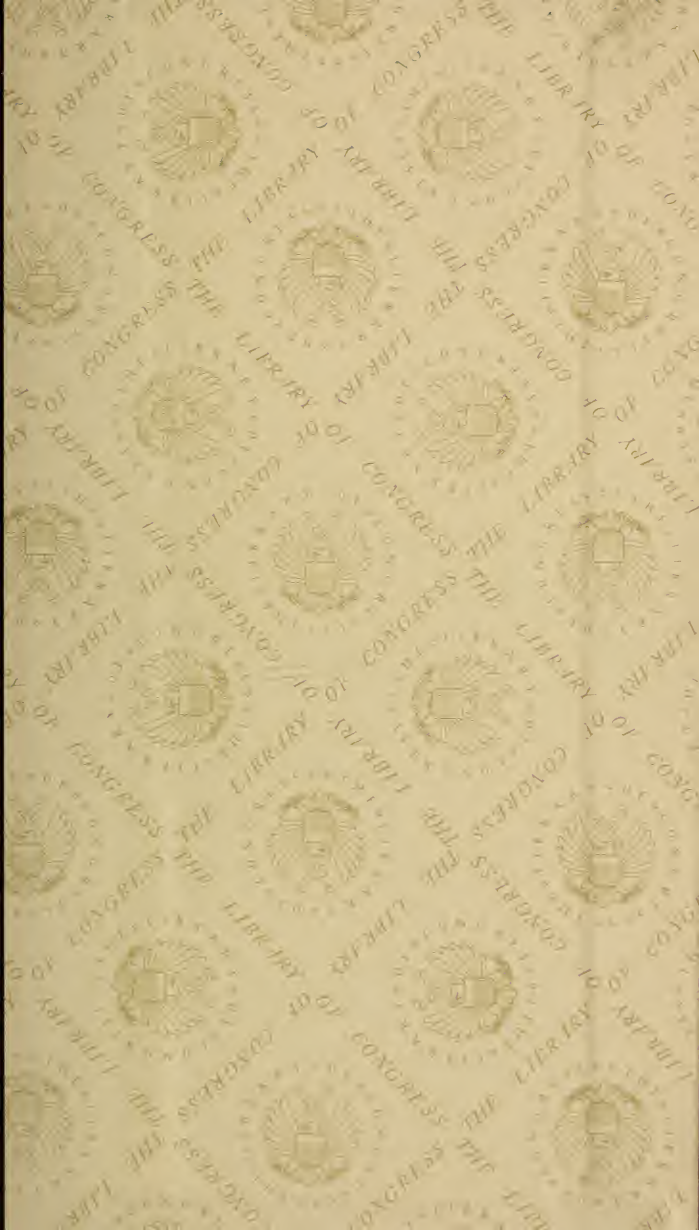
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